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SIXPENCE.

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THE LATE FATHER AND GRANDFATHER OF THE PRINCIPAL ROYAL HOUSES OF EUROPE:
KING CHRISTIAN IX. OF DENMARK.

King Christian IX. of Denmark, who died on January 29, was born on April 8, 1818. He was the fourth son of the late Duke William of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. He succeeded to the Danish throne on November 15, 1863, by virtue of the Treaty of London of 1852, and at the time of his accession he was Inspector-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Danish Cavalry. By the marriage of his daughters to King Edward, the Tsar Alexander III., and the Duke of Cumberland, and the election of his son to the throne of Greece, and of his grandson to the throne of Norway, he became parentally related to half the reigning houses of Europe.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

A READER of this paper kindly wrote to me a little while ago and suggested that I should make my paragraphs shorter. If he had suggested that I should make my articles shorter, I could have thrown myself into his feelings with the fullest sympathy and enthusiasm. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to cut down my contribution to one sentence, a sentence, I need hardly say, which would be literally white-hot with wit, pungency, and sparkling contribution to modern thought. But why the gentleman should find me easier to endure when I am cut up into small fragments, I am not quite sure that I understand. However, I will proceed to cut myself up as small as possible; for one thing, I intend in the future to pass somewhat more promptly from one subject to a different one. My trouble is that I never can really feel that there is such a thing as a different subject. There is no such thing as an irrelevant thing in the universe; for all things in the universe are at least relevant to the universe. It is my psychological disease (since one must have a psychological disease of some sort nowadays, and this is the best I can do), it is my psychological disease that I never can see disconnected things without connecting them together in a train of thought. I have just been glancing down the columns of a newspaper to find matter for my new shortened paragraphs. I try to pick out different subjects, and even as I do so my mind weaves them mechanically into the same subject. I carefully take four things from the paper, and even as I take them, they turn into one thing.

Sometimes, indeed, this accidental connection between newspaper items is obvious and rather funny. In the paper at which I am looking just now I see a heading "Disasters at Sea." Immediately below, and apparently a part of it, I read "Escape of a German Crew." To class this among the disasters seems carrying the anti-German sentiment somewhat to an extreme. In another place a speech by Lord Aberdeen, or some generally respected adherent of the new régime, is announced (in a Liberal paper), and immediately above some such statement as "Echo of a Great Fraud," a sentiment which distresses me. In another newspaper which is also before me I find a series of very small paragraphs headed "News Items." And the odd and even eerie thing about them is that (to my morbid intelligence) three or four of them string themselves together into complete sentences. For instance, one "par." is headed "A Candidate of Weight," the next "To Mend his Fortunes," and the third "Sang in 'Lohengrin' in 1850." These all refer to entirely different subjects, but my maniacal mind instinctively reads them altogether as a brief but interesting account of an impecunious political genius passing to the arts as more lucrative than patriotism—"A candidate of weight to mend his fortunes sang in 'Lohengrin' in 1850." Sometimes the style is more staccato, but the sequence equally clear. The same column begins with a "par." called "Died at 106." It is followed by one inscribed "He Felt It," which seems reasonable enough. But I am not sure whether this second inscription is not rather to be logically connected with the third one, which runs, "If They Travelled 'Third.'" He felt it if they travelled "third"! Touching exhibition of their aristocratic refinement and vicarious fastidiousness. The next paragraph is headed "What did He Mean?" I cannot undertake to say what he meant, but the answer provided at the top of the next note, which is "Collars for Cats," is an explanation of his meaning which I wholly refuse to entertain. If he only meant collars for cats, why should his mind reserve sufficient sensitiveness to feel it when they travelled "third"? At this point my synthetic chain between the paragraphs seems to snap; and the assurance of the next note that there are "Wasps and Butterflies About" is inadequate to comfort me.

Sometimes this instinct for stringing things together in more or less idiotic trains of thought confines itself to such mere verbal continuity as I have quoted in the above cases, all of which I have really taken verbatim and in the proper order from a column of a well-known Manchester newspaper. But sometimes the connection which hooks all the items together is less a grammatical connection and more a philosophical one. And in this case, of course, the madness is worse. For it is only by accident and in individual cases that we come upon such polished and complete pieces of fiction as those which are for ever imprinted upon my mind—the case of the disappointed candidate who mended his fortunes in "Lohengrin" or the subtler drama of the aristocrat who felt it when his friends travelled "third." But a philosophical connection there always is between any two items imaginable. This must be so, so long as we allow any harmony or unity in the cosmos at all. There must be a philosophical connection between any two things in the universe; if it is not so, we can only say that there is no universe, and can be no philosophy. A possible connection of thought there is, then, between any two newspaper paragraphs, though we may not always happen

to think of it. And, as I say, it is my mental malady that I almost always do happen to think of it.

Let me take an instance from the same column from which I took the verbal coincidences; it is the first column to hand, and in illustrating a universal proposition like this proposition of universal relevancy, the first instance to hand must either illustrate the theory or destroy it. Towards the end of the column my eye falls on the heading "The Dangers of Metaphor." Immediately after it is the heading "Fifth Lancers as Stowaways." Now in the actual printed matter of the paper this heading "The Dangers of Metaphor" introduces an anecdote of the Election; a rather good anecdote, I think. The paragraph runs: "A little metaphor is a dangerous thing. The defeated candidate for Stroud told an audience 'If you give these people rope enough they will certainly hang themselves, and when they have done that it will be our turn.'" I read this anecdote, and when I had read it I realised that the title "The Dangers of Metaphor" meant in that instance, and to the man using it, the danger of coming a verbal cropper in metaphor, the danger in metaphor of getting into a verbal or grammatical entanglement, the danger of such things as mixed metaphors and double-edged phrases and unconscious *double entendre*, and, for all I know, the danger of split infinitives and sentences ending with a preposition. A preposition, I may remark in passing, is about the best thing in the world to end a sentence with. This is what we call practising what we preach. But as I say, those words, "The Dangers of Metaphor," were on that occasion and by that man used as meaning the dangers of making a mess of your metaphor. Now it is the simple fact that when I looked at that phrase, "The Dangers of Metaphor," and before I read the anecdote which follows, there passed through my mind a whole procession of thoughts and associations, historic, literary, artistic, political, and moral, with which the real matter of mixing your metaphors was never once concerned. Reading those words, I never thought of a metaphor being dangerous because it might turn out (in a verbal sense) a bad metaphor. I thought of metaphor being dangerous because it was good metaphor. I thought of metaphor sophisticating morals and confounding philosophy from the beginning of the world. I thought of bad arguments concealed in good figures of speech. I thought of good causes ruined by good hyperboles. I never thought at all of the mere literary disaster to the mere hyperbole itself, but of disasters to civilisation and humanity. I never thought of how men had spoiled their metaphors. I thought of how their metaphors had spoiled men.

I thought, to take an instance, of that celebrated metaphor to which, if I remember right, Mr. Veneering, in "Our Mutual Friend," had recourse when he was standing for Parliament. "Mr. Veneering"—I quote from memory—"instituted a new and very striking parallel between the State and a Ship." Everybody, wise or foolish, compares the human community to a ship, and carries the metaphor into all possible minutiae down to deadlights or hatchways. A defender of despotism once argued from the despotism of the sea-captain. But nobody remembers that a simile is never quite right, that there is always some point where a simile is wrong. And nobody ever thinks of asking in what point this simile of the human community and the ship is wrong. Yet the point where it is wrong is most important to political philosophy. To sail on the sea is a special departure and adventure even to seamen. To live in a community is the only imaginable life for men. Life in a community covers the whole of a man's life; therefore life in a community must allow him a liberty and relaxation not allowable on a ship. A man in a community is like a man in a house that is his own. A man on a ship is a man in a house on fire. He must observe an exceptional discipline and promptitude because the situation is exceptional. The State is not a ship, because the State includes ships and everything else. It includes discipline and laxity, socialism and individualism. Men are not born on a ship; they are born in the State. The State is far too living and complex a thing to be disciplined like a crew. If even there were anywhere in the world a State as well managed as a ship is, that State would fall to pieces in a week.

And now that we have thought our way thus ramblingly from the subject of "The Dangers of Metaphor," let us look again at the next paragraph just below it. As I said before, it is headed "Fifth Lancers as Stowaways"; and it is all about soldiers running away to sea. In other words, it is all about the community and ship-discipline, of which we have just been speaking. These are the kind of queer intellectual connections which I mean; and here is one proved under my hand.

When I started this article I meant it to consist of short paragraphs on separate subjects. I observe that it consists of long paragraphs on one subject. But, after all, there is only one subject. It is a very fortunate thing that none of us ever get tired of it.

MOTIVES AND CUES.

The motive and the cue.—*Hamlet*.

THE most refreshing person one could meet in these days would be some estimable Rip van Winkle who has slept through the fever of the last three weeks. But to be quite perfect he must also be entirely free from political curiosity; for if he only woke up to ask for news of the constituencies, instead of taking Orkney and Shetland for granted as a bye-election, our last state would be worse than our first. While the fight endured, our best friends became a terror. Trying enough were those who remembered, with an accuracy that would disgrace the Speaker himself, who had been returned for where, by what majority, and whether there was a gain or "no change." But worse still was the curious and thirsty soul whose mind was set on half-a-dozen candidates, either dear friends or adored heroes of the gladiatorial show. Too indolent to follow the published lists or too wise to break his neck staring at the illuminated screens and the bewildering patchwork of announcements in newspaper-office windows, he attacked one in season and out of season with his inquiries. Upon the holiest meditations, the most delightful moments of Lama-like abstraction, yea, even during the after-dinner drowsiness, when Nirvana itself seemed all but achieved, broke the bald question—"Can you tell me, is Joshua in for Ajalon Valley, and is the result out yet for West Jericho?" with many more words to the same effect. At last one of the persecuted took refuge in fiction, and with Oriental cunning told the tale that would best please the hearer. Joshua was indeed safely returned, likewise Blague, Bam, Bellows, Vere de Vere (Lab.), and all the rest of them. By what majority? Out came the figures nimbly. The seeker after truth retired with overwhelming thanks.

But a horrid Nemesis awaited the Romancer. The man of many sympathies, guilelessly officious, hastened to send joyous telegrams to his friends and heroes. The replies were heartrending, for, except Vere de Vere, the minor and slightly Celtic poet, who had fought in the Labour interest, not one of the candidates had stood on the right hand of the returning officer in the sight of the people. Not even de Vere's beautifully expensive telegram (de Vere has independent means), written in rhymed heroic pentameters, could balsam the wound. First, while wrath burned, he showed the others. They ran—"C'est de la blague." "You've been 'ad, Sir Roger; you've been 'ad. Bam." "Your well-meant but inopportune congratulations opened by my wife before declaration of poll; she believed me elected, had fit, now prostrate. Joshua." "A senseless jest. Consulting solicitor as to action for libel. Bellows."

When Sir Roger had cooled a little on the assurance of a legal friend that no action for libel could lie, he showed me de Vere's message. It seemed rather obscure—

Yea, we, a mystic number, four times four,
Upborne on charnel ghastliness, the corps
That once was tyrant vigour, for our throne,
Sit all arow and make this hour atone
With three times three for the slow hours of pain
He wrought us; he, by patriot suffrage slain!

"Very fine indeed," I said; "but what does it all mean?"

"O, you see," Sir Rôger confessed diffidently, "it's a kind of glorification of my wire to him. He was the sixteenth Labour man to get in, as some asserted (slanderously, no doubt), by saying Labour when they meant Socialism, and I had a sort of vision of them in Parliament sitting in triumph, as it were, on the effete body of the Party they had bamboozled. So I adapted R.L.S. quite innocently and jocularly, and sent the lines—

Sixteen men on the dead man's chest,
Yo, ho, ho! and a bottle of rum.

I'd no idea he'd find inspiration in it. Really it's a wonderful thing to be a poet."

But that was not the most poignant incident of the mad time. It is this, and like the tragedy of Eden and Troy, there is a woman in it. A fair lady had bidden one of her acquaintance be sure to tell her when another of her acquaintance should be returned unopposed for, say, Ballybunion, that she might telegraph her ecstasy. Day and night that wretched man (not the candidate) scanned the papers, haunted *Daily Chronicle* magic-lantern entertainments, and even learned to spell Ballybunion on the Morse code.

Hesperus, hail, thy winking light!

he sang, as evening after evening he watched the searchlight on Shooter's Hill; and he would beguile the long, chill hours by declaiming the "beacon" lines from the "Agamemnon"; but still no word of the taking of far Ballybunion. At length, however, he came honestly by the news and made haste to tell her whom it most concerned. But, alas! ere he could present himself, another man, more prescient and, like Chaucer's Squire, "in hopes to stonden in his lady grace," had used the telephone. And the most natural part of it was that when all was said and done the woman, *varium et mutabile* (you know the rest), would not send the wire to the unopposed of Ballybunion.

But the time of very plain speaking has not been altogether void. The sages of the Scottish Courts, debarred from the political arena, have most usefully and opportunely decided that slang is not slander—a judgment that must endear itself to future candidates. Thus, to call a man a "fraud" does not mean that he is fraudulent in his acts. "Slang," the Senators of the College of Justice find, "is not to be interpreted according to the strict dictionary meaning of the words, but according to the sense in which they are ordinarily employed by those accustomed to use slang expressions." Further, "it is the duty of Judges to know the English language as it is used" apart from its classical significance. This surely is the death-stroke to judicial ignorance, that pleasant affectation of learned Rips van Winkles in ermine.—J. D. SYMON.

EUROPE'S OLDEST RULER.

BY the death of King Christian IX. Denmark loses a beloved Sovereign who served his country loyally for more than forty years, and the world loses its oldest ruler of note. Few men holding responsible positions have seen more changes than the monarch who was appointed to the throne of Denmark after the Protocol of London in 1852 and entered into its possession when the male line of the House of Oldenburg became extinct in 1863 on the death of King Frederick VII., after bearing rule for more than four centuries. It is a far cry to the time when King Christian first ruled Denmark. The war between Prussia and Austria that enabled Bismarck to consolidate the German Empire was yet to be fought. Denmark still claimed the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg, middle Europe was in the melting-pot, and beyond the boundaries of Europe there was comparative darkness. Japan was unheard of, China was little better known, and our Indian Empire bore small resemblance on its borders to what it is to-day. In Africa the scramble for territory had not yet been started; the Dark Continent deserved its qualifying adjective. King Christian saw many great changes, and his acceptance of the modern spirit must always be put to his credit. The Constitution granted to the Danes in 1866 was in its way a model of wisely progressive legislation, and it has served the country admirably in spite of the opposition between the Landsting and the Folketing.

Since King Christian came to the throne of Denmark the country has been happily free from history and has nothing but steady progress to record. But if Denmark has had little or no history of her own, she has had a voice in the making of much that belongs to Europe.

"You have no good exports here, Sir, I fear," said a distinguished traveller to Prince Nicholas of Montenegro.

"No exports?" replied Prince Nicholas with a smile; "you forget my daughters."

King Christian, had he been so minded, could have shown even larger record of successful marriages than his brother ruler of Montenegro. Prince Frederick, who now succeeds to the throne in his sixty-third year, and is already a grandfather, married the daughter of King Carl of Sweden and Norway, the predecessor of Oscar II. Princess Alexandra is, of course, Queen of England. Prince Wilhelm became King of Greece; Princess Marie-Dagmar is Dowager Empress of Russia; while Princess Thyra married the Duke of Cumberland, and Prince Waldemar married the Princess Marie d'Orléans. At the Castle of Bernstorff, near Copenhagen, all the great rulers of the world were to be met from time to time, more particularly of late years, when one of King Christian's grandsons had married the sister of the German Emperor, and another was united to our own royal family and was on the road to the kingship of Norway. Even the old bitterness between Denmark and Germany passed with the years, and the German Kaiser has more than once been a welcome visitor to Copenhagen. King Christian was very happy in his married life, and the death of Queen Louise, "the aunt of Europe," as she was called, removed a lady whose influence in world-politics was not less remarkable because it was but little recognised by the general public. In her day Bernstorff was in a sense the Council Chamber of Europe, and if it has not been the scene of very many important political gatherings since then, it must not be forgotten that King Christian was becoming a very old man. Since the Treaty of Vienna was signed in 1864, Denmark may be said to have had no serious troubles, and the loss of her German Duchies may have been a blessing in disguise. Their loss, at least, did nothing to check Danish developments. The old King's devotion to his country met with the reward it sought—the esteem and affection of his people; and though political squabbles in Denmark have been considerable, and there has been bitter dissension between the Court party and the Socialists, the tension between two considerable parties abated nothing of King Christian's personal popularity. People grew to revere a ruler whose desire for their progress was manifested upon every occasion—a man who, while preserving the peace of his country, had shown that he was not afraid of war. Monarchs like Christian IX. serve to make kingship respected in an age when no man's position grants him immunity from criticism.

Personally the late King was a most attractive figure. He seemed to bear a charm against the advance of age. His figure retained its elasticity, and none would have guessed his eighty-eight years. Genial and accessible, he moved about among his people as one of themselves, and when he was in residence at the Amalienborg Palace in Copenhagen he showed himself every day to the crowds that thronged the square during the change of guard.

To the British nation Christian IX. was endeared not only by his high personal qualities, but by the fact that he was Queen Alexandra's father. The Queen's devotion to the aged monarch struck the popular imagination, and gave an added kindness to our friendship for Denmark. Her Majesty has the deepest sympathy of her people in her bereavement.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"NERO." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

SPECTACLE may fairly be said to have reached the limit of its resources, stage realism to have spoken its final word, in the pictures illustrating the luxury and decadence of Imperial Rome, wherein Mr. Tree has provided a setting as correct in detail as in total effect it is majestically beautiful for Mr. Stephen Phillips's new tragedy of "Nero." Splendid, however, as are the scenes of the Emperor's banquet and burning Rome, the dramatist has furnished in "Nero" more than a mere libretto for the guidance of scene-painters or the inspiration of his musical colleague, Mr. Coleridge-Taylor: not since he wrote "Paolo and Francesca" has Mr. Phillips produced such impressive work as this curiously fragmentary piece. That the result of his latest labours is rather a series of sketches for some future tragedy than a complete, compact drama (the very climax of his story, Nero's shameful death, being perversely omitted), that there is little design or plot-development about the whole, so that each act might be an independent play, will not surprise those who have long recognised that Mr. Phillips is a dramatic poet more than a playwright, a self-conscious artist who is impatient of impersonal methods, an embroiderer of lyrical verse who is no less the slave of rhetoric than Marlowe and as susceptible to the charm of sensuous verbal beauty as his other model, Keats. But since Mr. Phillips's muse has recovered its old magic, since his conception of Nero as a depraved aesthete drifting into megalomania lends a certain unity to his play's sundry episodes, and since the piece has a few really inspired moments—notably the three horn-calls which announce Agrippina's death—the wise playgoer will be grateful for what he has received, not discontented because the poet has not attained a perfect tragedy. The more so as there is some remarkable acting at His Majesty's. Mrs. Tree's fine frenzy in the rôle of the passionate queen-mother Agrippina, Miss Constance Collier's alluring witchery in the varying moods of the subtle Poppaea, Mr. Basil Gill's fervent rendering of the speeches of Poppaea's discarded husband Otho—these are pleasant memories of the production. Mr. Tree's impersonation of the imperial decadent has not yet received its finishing touches, but it bids fair to be a brilliantly imaginative study in morbid psychology.

"THE HEROIC STUBBS." AT TERRY'S.

Were it not that Mr. H. A. Jones's new comedy, "The Heroic Stubbs," can make some claim to originality in virtue of its clever and entertaining picture of an idealistic little bootmaker whose whole life has been coloured and exalted by silent devotion to a fine lady of fashion, one might complain that in the piece produced last week at Terry's the playwright serves up once more his old and by now rather tedious formula of the silly young wife who out of mere vicious empty-headedness courts the fate of the singed moth, and is saved from her deserts by the intervention of some quixotic champion. That the *deus ex machina* is in this case not a resourceful, glib man of the world, but a humble bootmaker, does not alter the fact that the story of "The Heroic Stubbs" is merely a re-hash of that which has already done duty in "Rebellious Susan," "The Liars," "The Manoeuvres of Jane," "Whitewashing Julia," and other Jonesian comedies. Fortunately for author and public, the heroic Stubbs, who follows his adored Lady Hermione to a modern Lovelace's yacht and rescues her from a watery grave, and even works on the compassion of a scandal-mongering journalist, is so humorously characterised by Mr. Jones himself, and so neatly and even pathetically portrayed by Mr. James Welch, that, for Stubbs's sake, the play's lack of invention can be readily forgotten, and its strangely ill-bred Society people be accepted without too severe questionings. Miss Gertrude Kingston, by her ease of manner and pretty touches of humour, disposes the heroine's fatuity; and various minor parts are well filled at Terry's.

"LE PÈRE LEBONNARD." AT THE ROYALTY.

If M. Jean Aicard's drama "Le Père Lebonnard," produced last week at the Royalty, had no other merit than that its leading role, that of a honest and affectionate bourgeois who feels compelled to reveal a melancholy family secret, allows that famous Comédie Française actor M. Silvain to offer a fine study in character and a masterly display of elocution, this affecting play would amply fulfil its purpose. It handles, however, with great delicacy an interesting but painful situation. Père Lebonnard hears his son Robert, who is marrying into a marquis's family, objecting to his sister's suitor on the ground that the latter's parents were never wedded; then the old man thinks he must inform this severe critic that his own (Robert's) birth was illegitimate, he (Lebonnard) not being his father. The emotional stress caused by such a revelation is admirably expressed by M. Silvain.

THE STAGE SOCIETY'S LATEST IBSEN PRODUCTION.

Save as assisting those who are interested in the development of Henrik Ibsen's genius to understand the beginnings of this dramatist's career, it is difficult to see why the Stage Society should have troubled to resuscitate, the other evening at the Scala Theatre, the Norwegian master's fifty-year-old play, "Lady Inger of Ostrat." As all his admirers well know, Ibsen had once his romantic period. "Lady Inger," one of the earliest of his dramatic efforts, throws the strong influence of the French romantics on the Northern poet. It is a very lugubrious melodrama, all sinister plottings and muffled clash of swords and treacherous murders. Its scenes are laid in a gloomy old castle, ruled by a stern Countess who dislikes her young daughter and longs for her absent illegitimate son. As this boy is murdered by mistake, and his mother goes melancholy mad, and two of the Countess's daughters have been wronged by the villain of the story, it will be seen that Ibsen asks our interest in a very unhappy family and a very lurid chapter of incidents.

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TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

The Prince's Tour.

January 29 saw the arrival at Mysore of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Only a few public functions were on the programme, and Mysore was rather a centre for excursions than a scene of important ceremonials. Among the visits was one to Seringapatam, the famous stronghold of Tippu Sahib. Thereafter a two-days camp was arranged in the centre of a fine sporting district. The Maharajah, who had a long minority as the ward of the British Government, came to full sovereign powers in 1881. He is one of the most interesting as well as one of the most progressive of the native Indian chiefs. His sagacity has, indeed, won for his dominion the title of "The Model State," and its administration is distinguished by so much wisdom and probity that it may claim comparison with the rule of British India. It has a magnificent system of irrigation, an admirable railway service, flourishing plantations, and a highly developed mining industry. Justice is equitably administered, taxation equally adjusted, and the educational system is as enlightened as that of any Western State. Within its scope comes the education of women. Alone among Indian States Mysore possesses something approaching to a Representative Assembly, which meets for a few days every year to present petitions from the people, and to hear new measures expounded by the Prince. The practical usefulness of this body, if body it can be called, may be doubted, but such political experiments have their own value. The visit to Mysore is to end on Feb. 4, when the Prince goes on to Bangalore and Hyderabad. At the former place his Royal Highness will remain from Feb. 5 to Feb. 7, and at the latter from the 8th to the 10th.

The Spanish Marriage. Although the engagement of his Majesty the King of Spain to Princess Ena of Battenberg is not publicly-announced, it is understood that the marriage has been arranged. The Princess is staying at the Villa Mouriscot in

influence over her son, it may be assumed that she would be a formidable opponent to any marriage that was not based upon mutual affection. We publish



Photo. Illustrations Bureau.
MR. GEORGE MEREDITH CARRIED INTO THE POLLING STATION AT LEATHERHEAD.

this week many scenes of the royal courtship, the daily exchange of visits between the Miramar Palace and the Villa Mouriscot, the motor drives of the young King and Princess, and the enthusiasm with which they handled

The Conference at Algeciras.

The envoys to the Morocco Conference continue to consider non-controversial matters, and at the time of writing they are occupied with questions relating to taxation and Customs duties. The organisation still stands between the Conference and the peaceful settlement of its work. The Moorish envoys have proposed to improve finances by raising the Customs duties and creating a tax on fisheries, but as the Maghzen is very short of money, it will not insist upon these proposals, which are likely to be opposed by the European Powers on the ground that they will clash with long-established interests. It is not unlikely that a State Bank will be founded shortly in Morocco under the direction of a group of financiers representing England, France, and Germany, and that part of Morocco's revenue will be allocated to public works. British merchants are very anxious to see the value of the dollar settled definitely, and to have the large amount of spurious coinage now in the country collected and destroyed. The Moorish envoys are treating the Conference quite seriously; but their action in refusing to consider some points at all and referring the rest to Fez does not help to expedite matters.

Our Portraits.

Mr. John Fletcher Moulton, the new Lord Justice of the Court of Appeal, is an ex-

Smith's Prizeman, honours he shares with Lords Justice Romer and Stirling. He was, for a time, a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, but he resigned in 1873, and a year later was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple. He is, perhaps, the greatest living authority on Patent Law, and he contrives to be also a scientist and a politician. His first entry into Parliament was made as the elect of Clapham, and he has since sat, in the Liberal interest, for South Hackney and the Launceston division of Cornwall.

The two new members of the Académie Française, MM. Maurice Barrès and Alexandre Ribot, were



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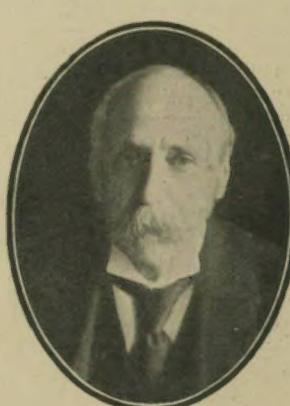


Photo. Elliott and Fry.



Photo. Blake.



Photo. Gerschel.

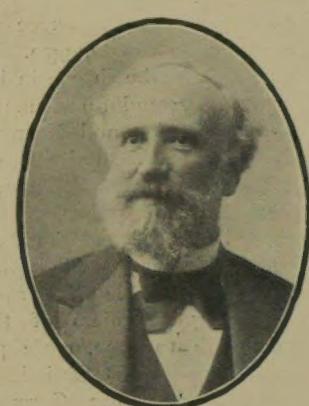


Photo. Pierre Delit.

THE LATE MR. STANLEY SPENCER (Aeronaut).

MR. FLETCHER MOULTON.
New Justice of Appeal.

THE LATE MISS EVANS.
Last of the Eton Dames.

M. MAURICE BARRÈS.
New French Academician.

M. RIBOT.
New French Academician.

Biarritz, and King Alfonso has been in her company very often, making frequent journeys from San Sebastian in his motor-car. In the terms of the Spanish Constitution of 1876, the King cannot contract a marriage without the approval of the Cortes being first obtained, and he cannot marry anyone excluded by the law from succession to the crown. In consequence of these conditions, Princess Ena will in all probability embrace the Roman Catholic faith, and will be received into the Church of Rome by the Pope himself. Many stories are afloat concerning the intrigues of interested parties to turn the King's thoughts in other directions, but by far the greater part of these may be disregarded. When the King's sister, the late Maria de las Mercedes, wished to marry Prince Carlos of Bourbon, there were many political reasons why the son of the Count of Caserta should not become heir-presumptive to the throne of Spain, and some of the country's most enlightened statesmen endeavoured to persuade the Queen-Regent to oppose the match. But to Señor Sagasta himself, when he added his appeals to the others, Maria Christina replied, "I have seen so many unhappy marriages founded on politics that I will not keep any of my children from marrying as they please within the limits of their own circle." As the ex-Queen-Regent still possesses great

the spade during the planting of a memorial tree. Both at Biarritz and at San Sebastian the meeting of the King and Princess has been watched with sympathetic interest.

elected in succession to M. José de Hérédia and the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier at a meeting of the Academicians on Jan. 25. M. Barrès is best known as the author of "Les Déracinés," "L'Appel au Soldat," and "Leurs Figures." He entered the Chamber of Deputies in 1889 as member for Nancy, and as one of General Boulanger's warmest supporters. M. Ribot is the author of "The British Judicature Act of August 5, 1873," and a "Biographie de Lord Erskine." He became a Deputy in 1878, and has held several important posts in the French Ministry, including that of Prime Minister. He was an ardent opponent of Boulangerism.

In Miss Jane Mary Evans, who died on Jan. 27, passed away the last and the greatest of the Eton College Dames. Miss Evans, who was born on April 1, 1826, was the second daughter of Mr. William Evans, drawing-master at Eton, the representative of the second of the four generations of Evans who have held the position. She came into full command of the house, always a popular one, in 1878, after having assisted her father in its management from 1871. In July 1898 some of the old Etonians who had resided in her house presented her with an illuminated address and her portrait by Sargent.

Mr. Stanley Spencer, the famous aeronaut, who

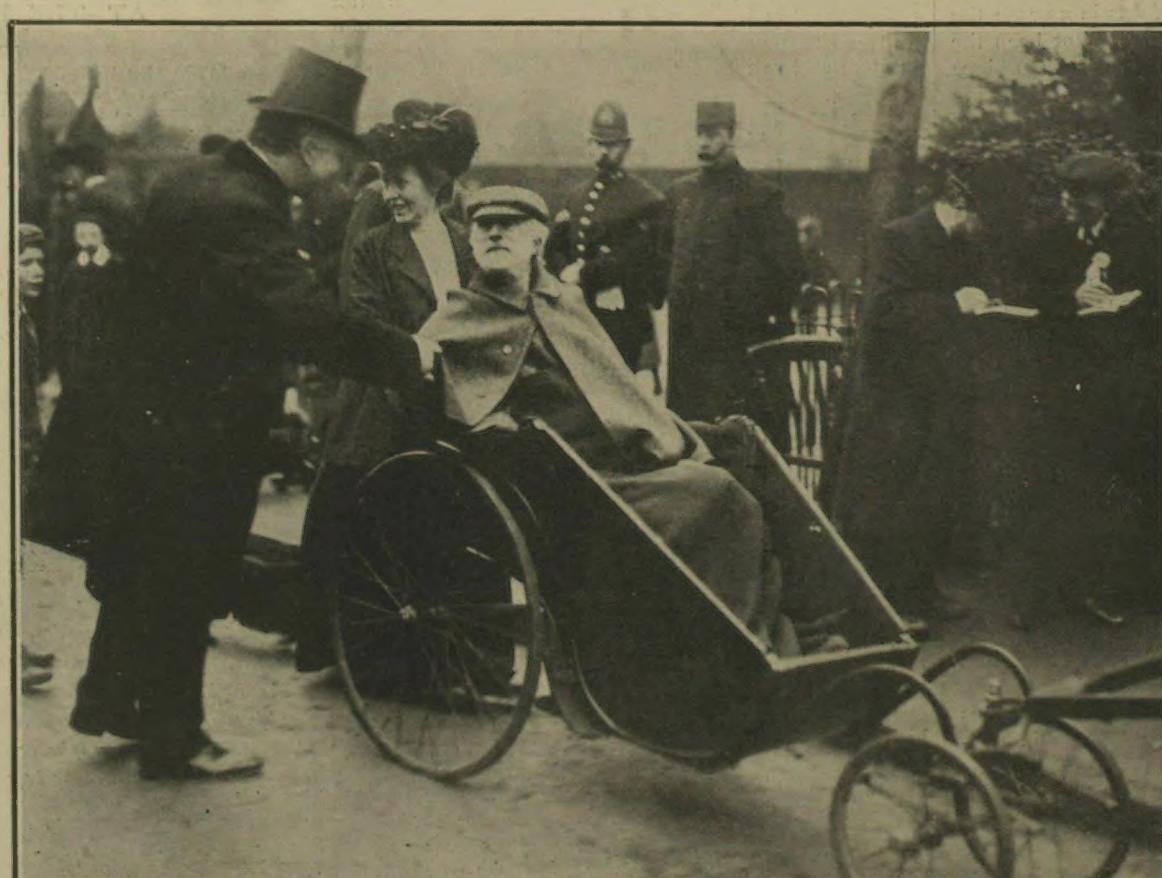


Photo. Illustrations Bureau.
MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S ENTHUSIASTIC LIBERALISM: THE NOVELIST LEAVING THE POLLING STATION AT LEATHERHEAD.

Mr. George Meredith, who is still lame owing to an accident, did not allow his misfortune to interfere with his duties as a citizen. He was taken to the poll in a donkey-chair, and was carried into the polling booth to record his vote.

THE LATE KING OF DENMARK AND HIS CROWNED DESCENDANTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, STUART, DOWNEY, STANLEY, ADELE, ELFELT, PASETTI, HOHLENBERG, HENSCHKE, AND BOEHRINGER.



A GENEALOGY OF MONarchs: KING CHRISTIAN THE NINTH'S RELATIONSHIP TO THE PRINCIPAL REIGNING HOUSES OF EUROPE.

The late Sovereign, who at the time of his accession was only a simple Inspector-General of Cavalry, became, by alliances contracted by his children and by two elections, father and grandfather to a number of crowned heads. The chief of these relationships are shown in the table given above. A double line means marriage; a perpendicular or slanting line, direct descent.

died from typhoid at Malta on Jan. 27, was on his way home from India, where he had been arranging a series of ascents in connection with the Prince of Wales's tour. He came of a family of balloon-makers, and with his brothers, Percival and Arthur, he made up the well-known North London firm, Spencer Brothers. Although he was under forty, he had had many narrow escapes from death, and there is hardly a country he had not had bird's-eye views of, and few in which he had not made parachute descents. His experiments with dirigible balloons—in one of which he attempted to sail round the dome of St. Paul's—will be readily recalled.

The Scottish Peers in the Lords.

last, the scene of the ceremony being the Picture Gallery of Holyrood Palace. The meeting, which was presided over by the Duke of Montrose, calls for no special comment. Lord Forbes retired, and Lord Borthwick was proposed in his place. No protests were made, and the following Peers were thereupon elected: the Earl of Mar, the Earl of Morton, the Earl of Mar and Kellie, the Earl of Haddington, the Earl of Lauderdale, the Earl of Leven and Melville, the Earl of Carnwath, the Earl of Northesk, the Earl of Dundonald, Viscount Falkland, Baron Saltoun, Baron Sinclair, Baron Torphichen, Baron Balfour of Burleigh, Baron Belhaven and Stenton, and Baron Borthwick.

The Close of the General Election. On January 30 the new House of Commons was complete, all but four seats, and at that date the state of parties was 512 Ministerialists, including Labour and Nationalists, to 154 for the Opposition. At that date 378 Liberals, 51 Labour Members, 83 Nationalists, and 154 Unionists had been returned, giving a total Ministerial majority of 358. There was a net Ministerial gain of 212 seats, counting on a division 424, and converting the Unionist majority of 68 in the last Parliament into a Ministerial majority of 356. Candidates for Orkney and Shetland had almost brought their work to a close. This, the last of the elections, is also the most tedious, as the candidates have to make the tour of the islands by boat. Both candidates, Mr. Wason and Mr. Dunlop, had to travel part of the way on the same steamer, and exchanged cordial salutations.

A Birthday Party.

At the annual dinner of the Reichstag in Berlin in honour of the Kaiser's birthday, Count Ballestrem, the President, made some exceedingly injudicious remarks, stating in course of them that "a nation must be so armed and so equipped that it can strike down all who would wantonly disturb the peace, and compel them to keep it." He went on to say that other Powers would keep the peace if they realised that they would be struck with efficient weapons—the first army in the world, and a fleet which is growing stronger and stronger. He wound up by declaring that Germany has a splendid Emperor, and that other nations are envious of Germany, and display in a malicious manner their vexation at not possessing a monarch like the Kaiser. It is hardly necessary to say that this speech has been taken very seriously on the Continent, and has given our friends in Paris "furiously to think." But Count Ballestrem is not the Imperial Chancellor, he is not the Secretary for Foreign Affairs; he is merely an excellent and little-known gentleman who appears to have dined well rather than wisely. When it is necessary to translate his after-dinner speech into an official utterance there will be time for interested Powers to express an opinion about it. At present it is only necessary to assure Count Ballestrem that he is slightly in error in believing the rest of Europe is really seriously annoyed with Germany for having so fine an Emperor. Most of us are quite satisfied with our rulers, and we do not believe that the noisiest Sovereigns of Europe are necessarily the best.

The Nile-Red Sea Railway.

Some work of the first importance was completed in Egypt on Saturday last, when Lord Cromer declared the Nile-Red Sea Railway open from Port Soudan to the Atbara Junction. The new route from Khartoum to the sea by the Nile-Red Sea Railway is just 900 miles shorter than the old Nile route, and there are 331 miles of main line on the new railway, together with 25 miles of sidings. Work began on the main line at Suakin in August 1904, and railway communication between the Nile and the Red Sea was open in October last. Many of the distinguished men who took part in the opening ceremony must have recalled the bad old days of twenty years ago, when this country began the work of linking the Nile with the Red Sea, and was forced to abandon it. With Lord Cromer were the Sirdar and Lady Wingate, Sir Vincent Corbett, Major Hawker, Governor of the Red Sea Province, and Sir Rudolf Slatin, who was for so many years the prisoner of the Khalifa Abdullahi. The line has been built under some difficulties, for water was scarce and the climatic conditions leave much to be desired;

Senate. The rights of citizens will be those fixed by the Constitutions of Western European nations.

France and Venezuela.

Some twenty-five diplomats have protested in a formal collective Note against President Castro's treatment of the French Chargé d'Affaires, M. Taigny, and the Government has replied to the protest, maintaining its position and so losing what would appear to be its last chance of making honourable amends. The situation is a fairly serious one, for President Castro has long been giving trouble to the Powers, and by acting as he did in the matter of the French Cable Company, and then expelling the French Chargé d'Affaires, he has forced the United States to assure France that she will not regard any reasonable action she may take in the defence of her own honour as an infringement of the Monroe Doctrine. Naturally enough, in the present delicate state of European politics, France has no wish to embark upon a career of adventure in South America, but President Castro will be deceiving himself if he imagines that political exigencies will force our neighbours to accept his high-handed action without reply. Already certain French cruisers are on the move, and it is not unlikely that President Castro will find that he has taken up a position from which he must retire precipitately.

The Japanese Budget.

The Japanese Budget is being closely criticised by the Opposition. It appears that an item of 84,000,000 yen, or £8,400,000, represented as extraordinary expenditure for war, includes several items which properly belong to the ordinary annual expenditure for national defence. To meet this outlay no permanent revenue is provided by the Budget, which means that there will be a recurring annual deficit to be met by loans. In view of this, the Opposition fails to see why 146,000,000 yen (£14,600,000) should be paid into the Debt Consolidation Fund; but the Government is believed to have a reason for adhering to this policy—probably some agreement made by the last Cabinet.

The Labour National Party.

In the *National Review*, Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., discusses "The Labour Party: its aims and policy." He sketches the history of the new Labour group, and declares that the new Labour members will sit in opposition to whichever Government may be in office. He shows that the Labour Representation Committee has its basis in Trades Unionism, and while he does not pretend that there is any

particular harmony between Independent L.R.C. members and Liberal-Labour members, they will act together on all Trade Union and on purely Labour questions. The chief cleavage is on questions of policy, but Mr. Keir Hardie believes that although Liberal-Labour members may at first trust more to the Government than to the Independents, the experience of a few Sessions will unite the sections. The immediate policy of the party would seem to be the restoration of freedom of action to the Trade Unions. Mr. Hardie also mentions drastic amendment of the Factory Acts.

Lord Roberts on the Army.

Once again Lord Roberts has found opportunity to impress upon an audience the necessity that we should be prepared for war at all times and in all places. Speaking to members of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, he argued that as the Navy accepted the "Two-Power standard," we ought to accept for the Army the "million-men standard"—500,000 for the defence of India, 500,000 for use in a European struggle or to beat off an invasion of our shores. This force, he suggested, should not be made up by means of compulsory service, but he did advocate compulsory training, and thought that a Regular Army of 200,000 men for foreign service should be backed up by the Militia as immediate reserve, by Yeomanry and Volunteers as the main reserve, and by the nation as a whole as a final reserve. In his opinion we are as absolutely unprepared for war as we were in 1899.



A ROMAN EMPEROR ON THE BRITISH STAGE: MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS "NERO."
AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Alterations in the Tsar's Power.

The *Novoye Vremya* has issued an interesting forecast of a proposal for the alteration of the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire, which, it is said, will soon be promulgated, together with an Imperial Manifesto. The Tsar, we learn, is to remain "Autocrat," in order that the idea of the Sovereign's rule over the many races that go to the making-up of the Russian Empire may be expressed, but the limitless power hitherto enjoyed by his Majesty and his predecessors will be abolished. The Emperor, the forecast continues, will not take the oath to maintain the Constitution, but its maintenance now and in the future will be guaranteed. Legislative power will be vested in the Monarch, the State Duma, and the State Council. Bills thrown out of the Duma and Council will not be brought forward a second time in the same Session. The right to change ukases not consistent with the law or Constitution will be reserved by the first Department of the

A MEMENTO OF THE ROYAL COURTSHIP AT BIARRITZ.



King.

Princess.

KING ALFONSO AND PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG PLANTING A TREE AT THE VILLA MOURISCOT, BIARRITZ.

The new "Spanish Marriage," or rather the courtship that led up to it, will in time to come be recalled at Biarritz by the tree which King Alfonso and Princess Ena planted. The betrothed couple did the spade-work with their own hands.

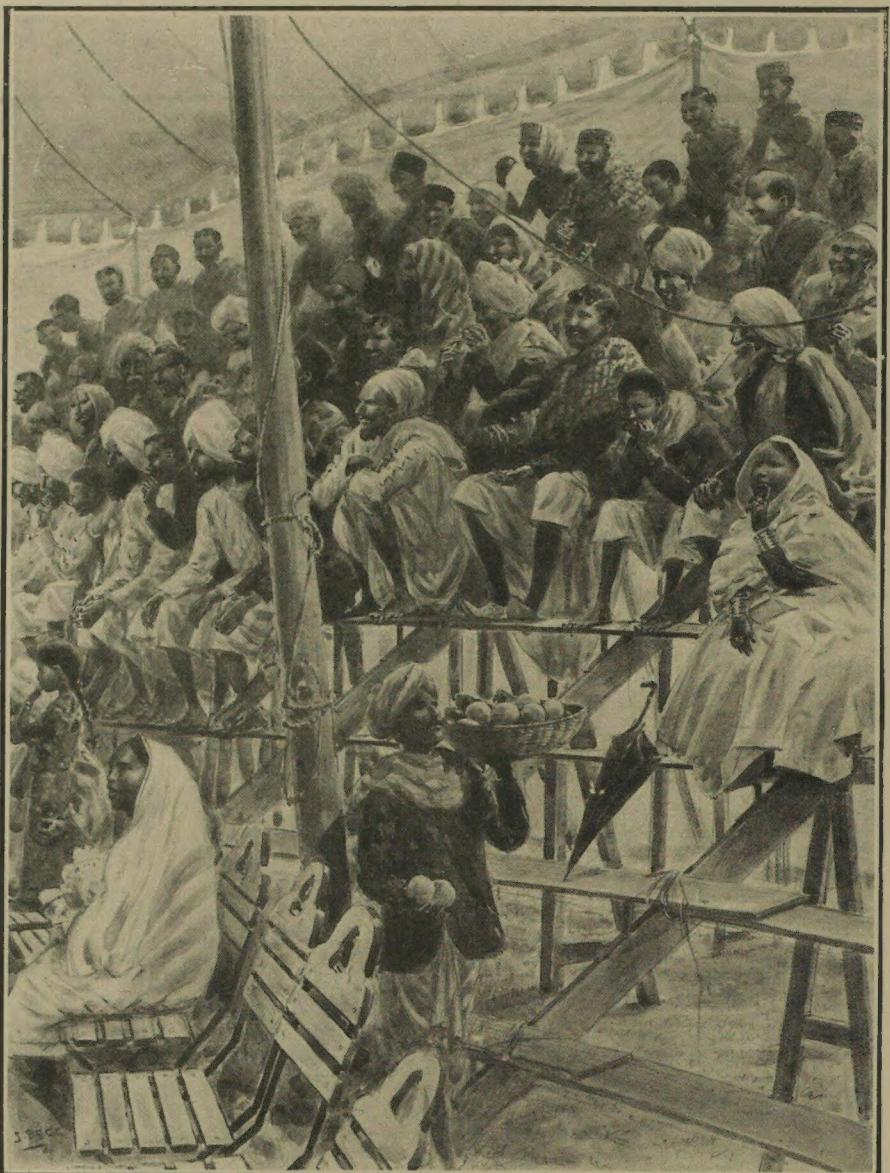
PICTURES FROM EAST AND WEST AND SOUTH.



PRESIDENT CASTRO'S BLACK BODYGUARD.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY "L'ILLUSTRATION."

The President's regular army numbers upwards of 5000 men. During the civil wars he was able to put into the field 20,000. At the reorganisation of 1897 he arranged for a force of 100,000. The élite of the army is his own black bodyguard.



AT A CIRCUS IN CALCUTTA: THE NATIVE AUDIENCE.

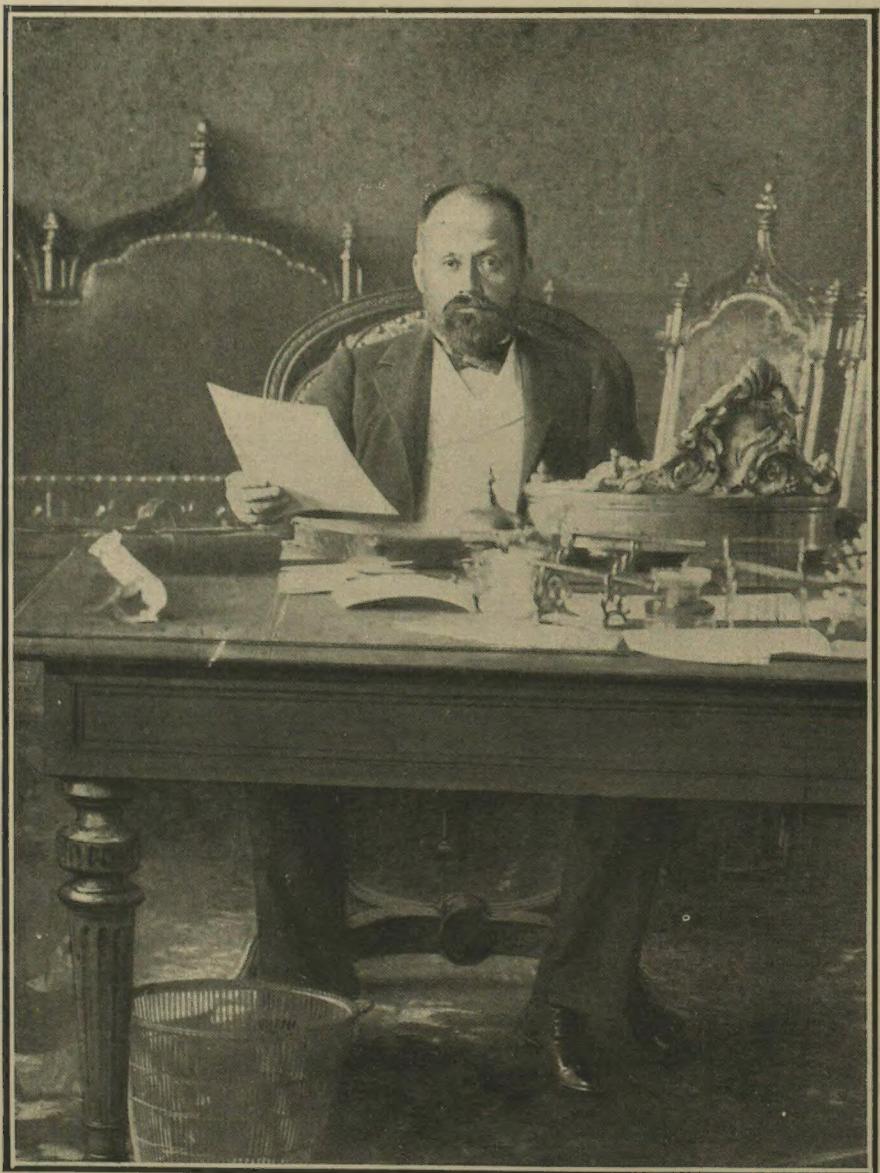
DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

Mr. Begg writes: "Two circuses have been playing here during the royal visit. They had a great success with the natives, who were very much amused at the English clown. They laughed and clapped their hands like children in a European audience."



A SECRET PORTRAIT: THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO IN TURKISH UNIFORM.

The Sultan Abdul Aziz has never been seen by his subjects in this costume. The photograph was taken in his private studio at Fez.



AN ENEMY OF FRANCE: PRESIDENT CASTRO IN HIS STUDY.

Diplomatic relations have been broken off between France and Venezuela on account of President Castro's arbitrary closing of the offices of the French Submarine Cable Company.

Photo, Avery.

PICTURESQUE INDIA: EARLY MORNING BATHING.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



WOMEN AND CHILDREN BATHING IN THE TANKS AT JAIPUR.

One of the most wonderful sights of Jaipur, the modern Indian city visited by the Prince of Wales, is the early morning bathing in the tanks which are an indispensable accessory of every civilised Indian community. Thither after dawn thousands of women and children flock to bathe, and the scene is picturesque in the extreme.

The Hunger Cell

BY MAYNE LINDSAY

W.R.F.
1906

Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT.

TO be a successful hotel keeper in the heart of a forest region, where trained servants are about as easy to come by as hansom cabs, it is necessary to have something more than a theoretical appreciation of the business. Prince Hugo of Donnerstein, when he went into exile for light behaviour at Queen Sophie's garden party, and turned his

Castle of Rabenecke into a modern caravanserai by way of earning a defiantly honest living during his banishment, had certainly neither handled a broom nor flapped a duster; but he took seriously to sweeping when the sedentary life of the Hotel Rabenecke began to tell upon his muscles. He used to boast that he found a double gratification in the exercise.

Willy zu Rotheim was measuring his team's oats into the corn-bin one morning, when he turned his head to see Mine Host, suitably dressed in a striped linen coat and an apron, approaching him from the Castle dust-shoot. He looked, grinning affectionately into the Prince's face, and found his smile checked by something sharp, acidly acute, in its expression. The habit of Courts was strong still, in spite of the intimacy of their masquerade; he could have asked questions, but instead he held his tongue until Hugo addressed him.

"Stop that fiddling with corn-measures, Willy, and attend to me. Eh? Busy? Pooh, send a stable-boy. . . . Look here, I have an item of news from the world, and it means more than I can see at this moment."

"The mail—" Rotheim was beginning; but Landlord Hugo Meyer cut him short.

"More ways of learning things than through the post, my friend. I went sweeping this morning, for the good of my house and my muscles, and the first thing I made out of it was the fact of there having been a robbery in Vienna."

Willy pulled his sleeves down and stood to attention.

"What do you mean, Sir?" he said, staring.

"Exactly what I say. Come here into this corner with me. Now look."

He had held a hand shut; but there, in the twilight of the stable, he opened it. Willy peered into his palm and started back: he perceived the solemn eye of a great emerald, set about with brilliants in a curious antique design, gleaming out at him.

"Do you recognise it?" Hugo said.

The Count hesitated for a moment. Memories of gilded functions innumerable surged through his courtier's brain; the same dazzling magnificence, monotonously imposing, in a score of palaces. The emerald winked at him. He had seen it before, under the glitter of crystal candelabra, threading a way through the press of bare-shouldered, bejewelled women, of men upon whose breasts order after order dangled—and the emerald had moved imperially conspicuous among them. The whirling memories subsided; he knew it now.

"By Heaven, it is the Archduchess Gerda's pendant!" he said. "How has it come to Rabenecke?"

"Exactly what I want to know," Hugo rejoined. "My broom turned it out of an angle of Seventy-seven's bedroom, and on my reputation as a thorough housemaid I'll swear it wasn't there yesterday."

"Seventy-seven?"

"A glossy person with a black moustache and small side-whiskers. English—but too superfinely overdressed to be the best English, you'll understand. His waist-coats . . . and ties . . . ! Oh, I won't deny I ransacked the brute's wardrobe, though I got nothing but a noseful of lavender-water—phui!—for my pains. He is down in the register as Mr. Randall of London, and you'd take him to be a high-class bagman, Willy."

"Perhaps he is—a jeweller's bagman," Willy suggested. "It might not be robbery at all, might it? Your Royal Highness knows the Archduchess's pecuniary position better than I do."

Hugo frowned, and appeared to weigh the trinket in his lean brown hand.

"Umph!" he said. "I'd rather it were a burglary, myself. You see, this confounded thing is an heirloom

on the Archduke's side; and Wolfram is as violent as an early Romanoff and as proud as—as a Hapsburg. I am sorry for the individual, were she thrice the Archduchess Gerda—dear, stout, long-suffering lady—who should be found raising money on his Imperial Highness's treasures. . . . And yet you may be right, Willy: this Randall person is not my idea of a burglar, though he is sleek enough to be a rascal. I can picture him sneaking into high company for business reasons; but it would be by the side door, and not through the kitchen window. In the meantime I am on the horns of a dilemma. I might bring a wasps' nest about Gerda's ears, or cause her acute distress, if I wrote, to ask questions; I can't accuse Mr. Randall of London; and I am dashed if I will hand back the property of my own second cousin once removed to him without her authority."

"Better wait a bit," Willy said sagely. "Let us see how Mr. Randall takes it. There ought to be a hue-and-cry presently."

Here, however, the prediction went wrong. Seventy-seven gave no sign of having lost anything. He lunched in the great hall, for autumn was approaching, and Willy took the opportunity of observing him to be a too-smart young man of perhaps thirty-five, whose trim red cheeks and flattened hair made him as handsomely expressionless as a barber's block. He smoked an excellent cigar afterwards, and he read the Bourse quotations and sat for some time under the antlers and coats of mail, ostensibly admiring the fine polish on his pointed boots.

The ex-Master of Horse went off to his coach-driving in some disgust: he objected to ornate nobodies in any case, and here was one who had the impudence to be a mystery. Mr. Randall retired to his room about three o'clock. On the way up the twisting stair he met Herr Meyer, chatty and urbane, a decent smiling landlord, and respectfully intelligent. . . . Yes, the visitor admired the Hotel Rabenecke vastly as a notable edifice, and admirably well preserved; he had an interest in such things, and at home, in his Bayswater house, he had rather a fine collection of historical curiosities—the nuts without the shell, so to speak. . . . By the way, that tall-backed chair in the banqueting-hall was not a bad example of the furniture of its period. He would give Mr. Meyer a couple of hundred thalers for it, if he cared to take it.

Mr. Meyer regretted that the syndicate whom he represented had given him no authority to dispose of its possessions. Inwardly, the thought of a Rabenecke treasure passing to this greasy and enigmatical individual churned up a gust of fury. But he choked it down; he made a jest of the matter, and only the angry grimace with which he followed Mr. Randall's ascent could have indicated his frame of mind. It was not for nothing that he had learned wearisome politeness on the steps of a throne. Yet the atmosphere scented by this man sickened him; and because of it, and because he wanted to review the situation in solitude, he put on a hat and crossed the drawbridge, and strolled out to the forest. He carried the Archduchess's trinket in his waistcoat pocket, and he mused upon it as he went.

Silence encroached within a stone's throw of the village, a rare silence after clattering dishes and the babel of the hotel. He found a splendid beech, and

leaned his back against it, looking into the exquisite distances between the trees. Here was autumn, his yellow and crimson mantle dropping noiselessly from the branches, the sharp savour of his breath upon the air, the squirrels nut-gathering about his knees. Somewhere, not very far away, a stag might be making a royal progress athwart the glades. And here the Prince's poetical meditations came to an end, for a crash of undergrowth, a thudding through the moss and the leaf-litter, snapped them asunder abruptly.

The new arrival, who did not immediately perceive him, was a slight youth in riding-breeches, who trailed a big horse, its bridle looped over his arm, behind him. The pair were sweaty and road-soiled, and hung their heads in a common dejection.

Hugo kept as still as a mouse, riveted to the spot by interest and curiosity. The boy proceeded to a halt within ten yards of him, and his delicate hand dropped the dangling rein. The horse moved to nibble a grass tuft, and revealed a cavalry brand on its flank; the youth, pushing back his hat, showed a high forehead, a peaked chin, and a pair of heavy lips that were, to the initiated observer, vivid signs of identification. He stood staring forlornly, his mouth twitching, his blue eyes suffused with tears, his long nose reddened unbecomingly before a sallow face—an infant in trouble or disgrace and full of pity for his buffeted condition.



"Where the deuce—" Mr. Randall began.

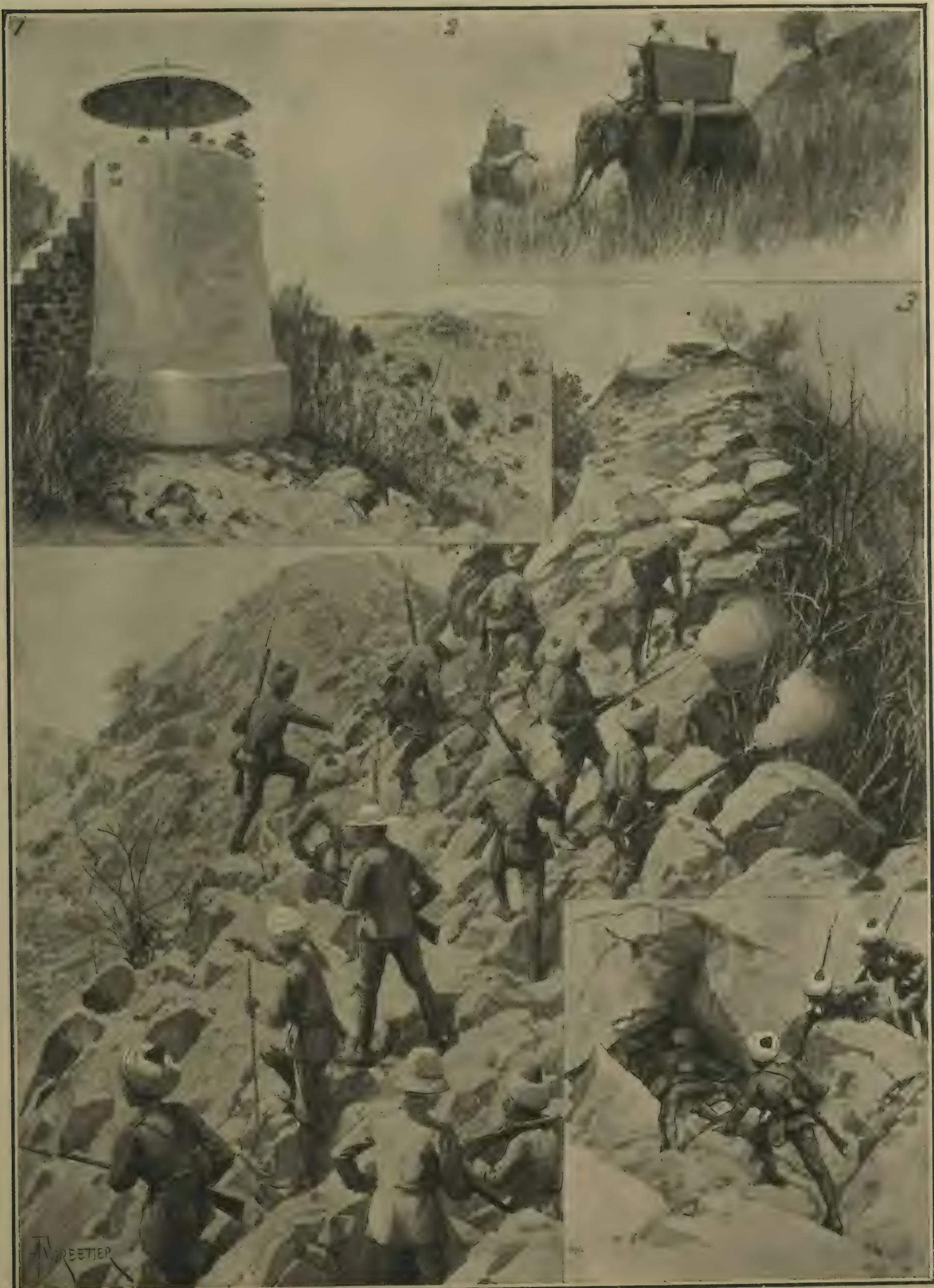
"Who the . . . Which of them? And what is he doing here?" Hugo devoured the lad's features. "A Hapsburg, by the Lord! Surely there can't be one I never saw! Dear me, this sets one head-scratching. . . . It is very awkward, too, but the child is positively going to cry in real earnest."

He was; he cried quite unrestrainedly into a flimsy pocket handkerchief. The abandon of his tears jogged the onlooker's memory where an assumption of manhood would have lulled it: he saw, in a flash, a photograph upon his aunt's table of Wolfram and his heir, the father palpably (as usual) rising out of the ashes of a black rage, and the son a lean, cowed mortal, whom neither photographer's flattery nor cadet's uniform could make

[Continued overleaf]

THE PRINCE'S PERILOUS SPORT: HOW HE KILLS THE FIERCEST BEAST.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM SKETCHES BY S. DEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



1. A SHOOTING-TOWER AT TEKANPORE, FROM WHICH THE PRINCE SHOT TWO TIGERS; THE TIGER BREAKING COVER ABOUT 300 YARDS FROM THE TOWER.

3. BEATING FOR A WOUNDED TIGER.

2. BEATING WITH ELEPHANTS FOR A WOUNDED TIGER IN HIGH SCRUB.

4. A DANGEROUS TASK: TRACKING THE WOUNDED TIGER INTO A CAVE BY BLOOD-MARKS.

The plain hunting-howdahs in the second sketch were used during two shoots at Gwalior. The beaters were mostly native soldiers, but with them were one or two Englishmen. They shouted and fired their guns at intervals. There were also a few native civilians who were dressed in khaki and carried sticks.

imperial. Hugo had seen him, of course, at cousinly gatherings, when his timidity had thrust him into the background. He had, in fact, been so inconspicuous that it was not until this moment that the Prince remembered how his nineteen-year-old existence in Vienna might have contributed to the enigma of the Archduchess Gerda's pendant. He clapped his hand instinctively to his waistcoat pocket. There, unless circumstances were more than uncommonly freakish, must lie the cause of the young man's tribulation.

He moved away from the tree. The boy jumped, and his sobs went to sniffs, and ceased. He did not recognise him, but he was trying to control himself in public, as is a Prince's first duty. He picked up the bridle again, and gave a sidelong glance at the stranger, sulkily resentful at intrusion; and then he began to drag his beast wearily forward once more.

It was not the situation for disguises; and Hugo was becoming a little reckless in the manner in which he discarded them. He stepped forward with an assumption of great cordiality, holding out both his hands.

"Well met, Cousin Bernhard! This is an astounding encounter, but none the less joyful for that. What in the name of goodness has brought you to the wilderness too? I believed I was its only inhabitant."

Bernhard opened his mouth, and retreated a step. He could not see beyond the beard, which was by this time smart and comely, and the upper servant's trim serges.

"I have not the honour to know you," he said. Hugo saw sheer terror behind his haughtiness; it was only too plain that the boy was in a mess. He made haste to reveal himself with a hearty laugh, a slap on the back, and finally an embrace, when Bernhard's relief at the miraculous appearance of a cousin and counsellor made itself manifest. Here the advantage of being a proclaimed scapegrace came in; they had not been five minutes together before he had the whole history streaming out to him, and no inconvenient questions with it. Bernhard, with the self-absorption of youth, took the other's exiled condition for granted, and hurried past it to recount his own misfortunes.

He had left the *Cadetten Schule* at sixteen, when he was appointed to one of the most exclusive and extravagant regiments. He had had a bear-leader, who had not done his duty; and he had been timidly eager to prove himself a man, and to do as these fine fellows his brother officers did, as gaily as they. By nineteen he was up to the neck in debts, mostly of honour, and in a fever of apprehension that he shared with his mother. The trouble had to be kept from the Archduke at all costs, lest worse should befall, and to that end the wretched Gerda, maternally reckless, had swept out the contents of her jewel-cases and cast about her to discover how she could raise money on them.

"You see, it wasn't as bad as it looked," the lad said. "We meant to pay; but the necessity was to keep it from father. Other fellows aren't like that. Salzbaden hasn't paid a bill for five years, and he says he doesn't care a curse. I wouldn't either," bragged poor Bernhard, "if I had his father instead of mine. But you know how I stand; and so we had to find the money."

"Well, and who was the broker?"

"An Englishman called Ralston—a shiny beast; but it was difficult to get hold of anyone, and mother contrived to see him herself. She was to receive a hundred thousand thalers, for . . . you know. She gave them to Linke, my valet, a man we trusted, Hugo, Heaven help us! to take to the Englishman, and—he—never delivered them."

"Eh?" cried the Host of Rabenecke, with a clutch at his waistcoat.

"It is as I tell you. I am the most unfortunate creature. I don't know what I shall do. Oh, God, I wish I was dead!"

"Come, that's not like an officer of the finest regiment on earth, is it? Go on. What did Linke do with the jewels?"

"I don't know. I suppose he went to America. He left the palace with them on the evening of the fourteenth of August, and we never saw him again. We waited two days, and then Ralston arrived to see us, and to ask mother when they were coming, that business might be done. I shall never forget the agony of that moment—I never shall forget it, I swear. There was no money, and mother had lost everything for no purpose, and I—I suppose when father hears of it he will do murder. I am sick with it all, Hugo; it is horrible; it is killing me."

Hugo soothed him.

"Yes, yes; it is a painful affair for a man who feels, good cousin. Tell me this though, what has brought you to Rabenecke?"

"I have come to Rabenecke because Ralston is here, and he is a rich man, and he lends money. It is possible, my mother thinks, to raise a few thousands quietly on the title-deeds of her estates. We must pay very soon, or father will discover all. When he does—"

Again Hugo calmed him down.

"There is nobody named Ralston at Rabenecke."

"Isn't there?" Bernhard said indifferently. "Randall then; it is all the same: one is his business name, that is all. . . . I took the train to the frontier, and I borrowed a horse from Stockendorff of the Hussars there, and I have ridden all day. But now I must go on and see the man." He turned pitiful eyes upon his kinsman. "Do you think, yourself, he will give me what I want, Hugo?"

"I dare say; but I think I might have a better chance. Could you trust this delicate affair to me? I'm a hardened sinner, you see"—his brown eyes twinkled kindly at the rising passion of hope in poor Bernhard's face—"and I have reason to know how to draw gold out of usurers. If you would consent to come *sub rosa* to this Hotel Rabenecke, as they call it, and allow me the honour of receiving you as my guest for a few days, I believe all can be settled in your favour. The great thing is not to show the brute you are in a hurry.

You would spoil all, rushing in with that hungry air. Indeed, if I were you, I should not appear at all. Let me be your agent, and do you take a short rest in a private suite. It's not a bad place, and the cook is excellent—not that cooks matter sufficiently at nineteen. . . . You may have to be patient; but you can take it from me, as an expert in awkward cases, that this is going to end happily."

He drew the boy's arm through his, still cheering him. He was not a difficult subject to persuade, and his frail vitality was flagging. They walked together to the Castle, and entered unobtrusively. Bernhard went to a hot bath and bed, childishly trusting in the sturdy brown cousin, who was to perform some sort of unspecified miracle on his behalf. When he was comfortably tucked up, with a sweetbread and a bottle of good red wine inside him, Hugo raced in search of his beloved Willy, and fell rapturously upon his neck, murmuring many things into that nobleman's sympathetic ear.

Mr. Randall was lighting his second cigar at the door of the banqueting-hall after dinner when he saw the respectful landlord again before him. He saluted him in a digestive good humour.

"Hello, Meyer! What d'you want with me? This isn't the time for presenting bills, you know. That's a deuced fine cook of yours; but I've met better wine in gay Paree. You Germans have got a lot to learn about vintages, for all you tootle the 'Wacht am Rhein.'"

"A true German is always ready to learn," Hugo said, with a grave bow, "especially from a successful Englishman. Just now, however, I am convinced I could teach your Excellency something."

"H'm. You could?" Randall was amused. "What's that?"

"You spoke of an interest in historical curiosities; and it has brought to my mind the recollection that there exists in the Hotel Rabenecke a chamber, unknown completely, I believe, to my syndicate, which remains intact, with unique late seventeenth-century furniture. It has a secret entrance which has only been reopened since I became manager. The condition of the furniture is remarkable; and it has occurred to me that a connoisseur who was first in the field might learn in it—something to his advantage."

The barber's block took on an expression which was a revelation of the man within. It became sly, foxlike, and greedy. It met roguery in Hugo's twinkle, and it appeared to like the encounter.

"Hah, you don't say so! But what does a fellow like you know of seventeenth-century style? As much as he does about *Château Margaux*?"

Hugo shrugged his shoulders.

"It is enough for me that the place has been walled up for two hundred years," he said. "There are records to that effect. But if your Excellency does not care to see it, I have no more to say. I merely came to suggest that I could conduct you thither, without exciting the curiosity of my other patrons, in my free time this evening. Of course, if these things were to be dragged into the light of day and sold at auction, the syndicate might profit enormously."

Mr. Randall, with the foxy expression intensified, smiled upon him.

"I say, you talk too much," was his urbane rejoinder. "I'm not committing myself to anything, you understand. For all I know your story may be humbug; but for the fun of the thing, I don't mind stepping out with you to see the stuff. . . . Look here, that ass at the pianola is raising his eyebrows at my confab with you. Let us get out of this; and don't blame me, Herr Landlord, if I kick pretty hard if I find you have been trying to do me. I know a thing or two, as you will see in a minute."

It took more than a minute, however, to pilot him to his destination. Hugo, profusely apologetic for having to trouble a gentleman to walk so far, led the way across the courtyard to a cloister, where the helmets of men-at-arms hung in dull, gleaming emptiness. He twisted with him down half-a-dozen passages, and so to a descending flight of steps.

Randall paused at the top of them, sniffing. Mr. Meyer had turned away from him, and was screwing up the wick of his lantern.

"I'm sorry for anything that might be stored down there," the Englishman said. "It smells uncommonly musty."

"It is quite bearable at a pinch," observed Hugo. "I have had the room, which is below, thoroughly aired. You can see for yourself that it is undoubtedly the old and unused part of the Castle."

He swung the lantern, and flung a yellow beam up to the arched ceiling and down to the rough-hewn stone of the stairway. There was a great spider's web over their heads, and a profound darkness below; the place, for all his cheeriness, was sinister. Randall's primitive instinct, perhaps, told him so, for he lingered doubtfully at the brow of the descent, until another instinct, long trained and relied upon, lured him on again.

"All right. Go ahead," he said, plucking his superfine coat-tail from the dusty contact of the wall. "Show that light at my feet, though, and let me see where I'm planting 'em. It's as dark as Hades. It is deeper than I thought, too, by George!"

"Soon there now," Hugo said encouragingly, and his voice rang hollow. "Another few steps—just a few. See, there is the bottom; and now I will open the door."

He took a cumbrous key from his pocket, and set it creaking in an ancient lock. They were at the foot of a long flight of uneven steps, in a low-ceiled stone passage, blocked a few yards away by fallen rubble. The door before them was very massive and very old, pierced by a lozenge-shaped spyhole, and as it swung open reluctantly a gust of heavy air surged out to them.

"Where the deuce—" Mr. Randall began, and broke across his own words.

He flung back violently, recoiling after one hasty glance at the interior. He had seen nothing but an empty cell, furnished with an iron staple and a few dangling links of rusty chain.

He tried to turn upon his guide, and snatch the lantern, desperately conscious that he had walked into a trap. In return, Prince Hugo blocked his wheeling plunge, swung his own weight forward, and rammed him by main force through the door. Then he locked and bolted it, twinkling outrageously by this time, and so sank back on to the lowest stair, to wipe his brow with the air of a man who has performed a strenuous duty.

Cosmopolitan cries and curses whistled out to him through the lozenge. He waited until their initial vehemence was subsiding, and then he said quietly—

"This is not quite as good as business in Vienna, Mr. Randall, is it?"

He heard the man catch his breath, and release it again in threats. Hugo chuckled; he was enjoying himself immensely.

"You're hasty," he said. "You want to cool; you would never get the best of a bargain in that intemperate frame of mind. And since it is bargains that we shall have to discuss by-and-by, you and I, I will leave you now and return some time to-morrow morning."

"If you think you can browbeat me—" Randall shouted.

"I don't think at all—I am sure of it," Hugo retorted, picking up the lantern. He held it to the lozenge, and observed the eye of the prisoner regarding him. "Noise here will be mere waste of energy, I may as well inform you. Do you know where you are?"

Mr. Randall's reply was incoherent.

"You don't? Well, Sir, you are in the Hunger Cell of Rabenecke, a place that other rascals have learned by heart, to their sorrow. Let me advise you to digest the meaning of the name. There is really a good deal in it. Good-night!"

He ascended the stair, the cries behind him growing fainter at every step, and twisted his way out of the labyrinth of passages.

"After all, the spirit of one's ancestors is not as dead as we twentieth-century folk believe," he reflected as he locked the upper door. "I only hope the past occupants of the Hunger Cell deserved its seclusion as well as my present visitor. I wonder how long it will take to tame him?"

He went to bed, still reflecting upon the question. On his way he looked in upon Prince Bernhard, whom he found sleeping peacefully, his still-swollen eyelids closed, his delicate hand laid underneath his cheek.

There must have been both courage and endurance in Mr. Randall of London, for it was not until the fourth day after his incarceration that he staggered out of durance vile into the arms of Mine Host and Willy. He had said many things through the lozenge, mostly of an uncomplimentary nature, but he had been obstinately mute about the Archduchess Gerda's jewels. The delay was not without its drawbacks, one of which was that Cousin Bernhard far overhead grew hourly more difficult to feed with plausibilities; so that it was with heartfelt relief that Hugo and the Count heard their prisoner unburden himself.

"You shall have the indemnity by cheque; yes, yes. I have the things; yes, all of them, though not here. . . . They are in the strong room of the Dresden Bank, and I will write the order to recover them. I paid Linke cash down as his share, and he went to the States. He was to make arrangements there for the conversion of the jewels into currency, and I was waiting here, well out of the way, until he had completed them."

"We shall have no objection to your joining him as soon as the spoils return to their owner," Hugo said. "Indeed, I fancy that will be one of our conditions. You could make a scandal, of course; but you would pay for it in prison, and I don't think overmuch of the Austrian penal settlements for comfort, myself. Just tell me one thing—how did you come to be so careless with that pendant?"

Randall groaned. "I couldn't think at first, but I believe I know now. It must have slipped inside the lining of the bag from which I transferred the jewels to my deed-box. I tilted them in, by candlelight and in a hurry, the same night the Archduchess sent them over. My dress clothes went back into the bag; and I suppose I pulled the pendant out with them when I unpacked it again. It was a confoundedly trivial slip to wreck an amazing big coup, but I have wrecked it, and no mistake. . . . And now, for the love of Heaven, give me something to eat!"

Hugo left Willy standing over the recumbent wretch and dropping beef-juice into his mouth, and sped upstairs to Bernhard. The boy was writing a letter to his mother, and from the dolefulness of the countenance he turned upon his host it was not difficult to guess the tenor of it.

"You can tear that up," Prince Hugo said, scattering the sheets in a whirl. "It's done; my negotiations with the brute are through, and if you'll take that scared expression off your face for ten minutes, Bernhard, you will hear how much more favourable they are than you anticipated. Oh, my dear child, *don't* cry again! Hold your head up, and take the good tidings like a man and an officer."

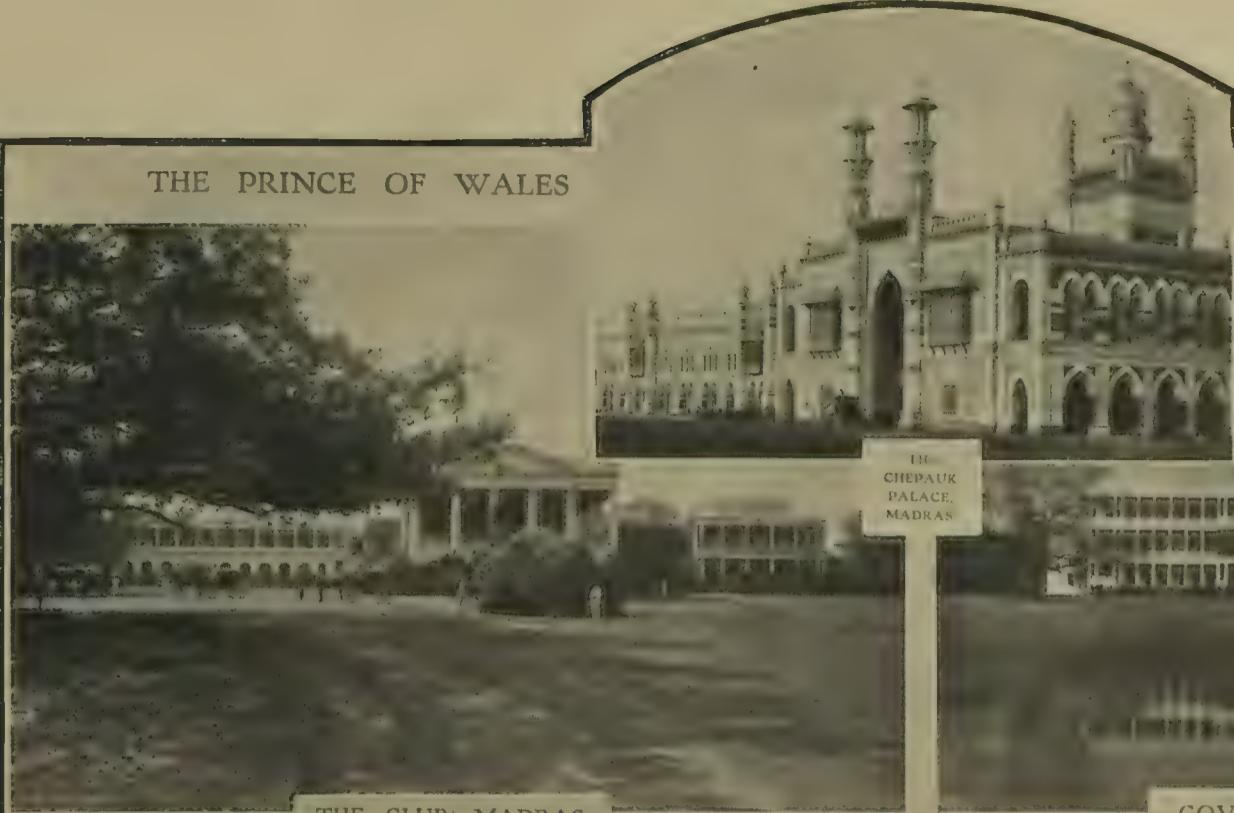
Bernhard was trembling from head to foot, with the tears ready to brim over; but he held them back, while Hugo galloped through as much of the story of the jewels' recovery as he thought it expedient to disclose.

"It is not only myself," the boy said, labouring an uneven breath. "It's mother. He might have killed her when he knew, and then I should have been obliged to kill *him*." He drew his slight body up, and his face slowly lost its deadly pallor. "I thank you from the depths of my soul," he said. "Only you and I and—she must ever speak again of the deadly peril from which you have saved us. Swear that to me!"

And Hugo, sobered out of his exultation thus unexpectedly, swore it to him solemnly, and found the tears in his own eyes, too, before he went back to sever Mr. Randall's connection with the Hunger Cell.

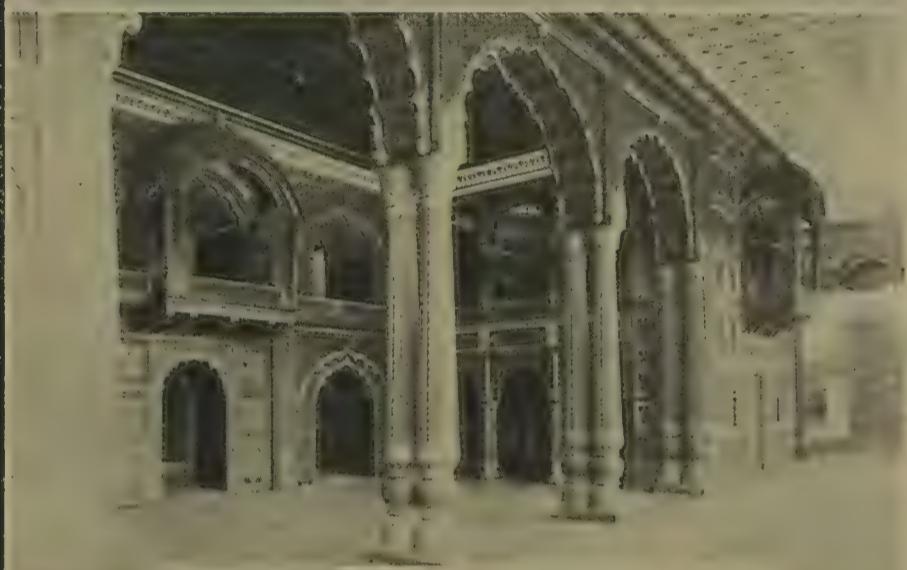
THE END.

THE PRINCE OF WALES



AT MADRAS AND MYSORE.

THE CLUB, MADRAS.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MADRAS.



THE DERIA DOWLAT VERANDAH, MYSORE.



MADRAS FROM THE JETTY.



THE SOUTH-WEST SIDE OF THE HALLABEED, MYSORE.



THE HALLABEED, MYSORE : CARVING ON SOUTH-WEST.



THE HALLABEED AT MYSORE : THE EAST SIDE.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

DIFFERENT people have different ideas as to what constitutes "a curious coincidence." Some months ago a newspaper opened its columns to stories of curious coincidences, volunteer contributions which make very good light reading, cost nothing, and encourage the writers to buy dozens of copies of the paper to send to their friends at a distance.

One of the stories was to the following effect. The writer, say Mr. Jerningham (for that was not his highly respectable name), gave his address, say 37A, Pomona Gardens, N., and told this tale: On Sunday, say Aug. 6, Mr. Jerningham, with a friend, Mr. Huxtable, attended Mass in St. Frideswyde's Church. During the service he had a vision, and heard a voice, that of his daughter Matilda, saying that she was drowning, and wished to bid farewell to her sire. Now the daughter was staying in a rural district, semi-suburban. Mr. Jerningham made his way thither, after service, and found his daughter in bed. She had been nearly drowned while bathing in the morning, and had then herself a sense of calling to her father and of seeing him in church.

Here were a pair of curious coincidences. The daughter's was the less odd, as she would know that her father probably was in church about noon on a Sunday. The whole narrative was quiet in tone, and minute as to day and hour, and as to distances.

Some inquiring spirits took the trouble to write to Mr. Jerningham asking for more details, and for corroboration from Mr. Huxtable and Miss Jerningham. In his answer Mr. Jerningham said that the whole story was perfectly false; that he had not written a word of the published narrative. He was so far from attending Mass that he was ardently attached to the principles of the Reformation, and to the Protestant Succession. In fact, the affair was a hoax.

Now if the story had been true, it could not have been a chance coincidence. It was double-barrelled: the father had a vision of his daughter drowning at the moment when she was very nearly drowned, and the daughter simultaneously had a vision of her father. There were really three coincidences, the semi-drowning being actual, according to the narrative. No mathematician will think that chance could produce these effects: there must have been mental intercommunication. On the other hand, here is a real curious coincidence, reported to me on Jan. 19 (I write on Jan. 21) by a trustworthy friend. On Jan. 18 my friend paid a visit, with a companion, also known to me, to a lady. On the chimneypiece of the drawing-room was a black marble clock, not going, and near it a small round clock in working order. Suddenly a child of the lady of the house, standing on the hearthrug, said, "Mother, the big clock" (the black marble clock) "is ticking." "Impossible!" said his mother; "it has not ticked for many a month. I broke the pendulum myself." Everyone present then examined the marble clock, which was ticking away steadily, and the coincidence was that it had taken up the time correctly, and was in accord with the small clock beside it. "No one had touched the black marble clock."

Of this coincidence I can only offer the explanation which must already have occurred to every reader. Somebody in the house must have got the clock-mender to mend the marble clock without informing the lady of the house. The clock must have been set to the right time, and neither the lady nor her visitors happened to notice its ticking till it was observed by the child on the hearthrug. *C'est là le miracle.* If this view be disproved, then there was a genuine miracle—a clock going, or ticking at all events, with a broken pendulum. Such is the weakness of human testimony, that my friend does not tell me whether the big clock's hands were moving, or whether it only ticked.

I know nothing analogous to a clock that ticked without going, except a queer story of a letter, which is vouched for by the signatures of the persons who wrote the narrative, and who, unlike Mr. Jerningham, stuck to it when cross-examined orally. They were a brother and sister, living together. One evening a letter came to their house, directed to their care, but addressed to a third person, who did not live with them. The sister placed the letter on the chimneypiece, meaning to put on the proper address. Presently the letter began to tick like a watch, and kept on ticking. The brother came in and heard the ticking. They examined the letter, could find no explanation, and next morning carried the strange epistle to the person for whom it was meant. The letter proved to be extremely important, though the envelope was not marked "Immediate," like envelopes containing advertisements. Apparently, the letter, like all matter, according to Haeckel, was not destitute of consciousness, and knew that it was in a hurry. Of course the black marble clock may, on these principles, have had not only consciousness but conscience, and said to itself, "Let me fulfil the purpose of my being. Go I cannot without a pendulum, but tick I can and will." None the less, the normal explanation seems the better.

Talking of advertisements and the supernatural, an advertisement of the most romantic character lies before me. Let me call the substance advertised *Lait de l'Enclos*, though that is not its real name in commerce. The advertisement tells us of a famous beauty, Ninon de l'Enclos, whose charms never faded during her long life of x years. This immortal grace she derived from a receipt evolved by the Court perfumer. "The user would ever retain the perpetual beauty of youth." The receipt for *Lait de l'Enclos* was supposed to have been lost or destroyed, but it was discovered not long since, on the back of a miniature on ivory, where it had lain, hermetically sealed in its jewelled frame, for at least"—so many years; dates are here unimportant. The sex is rather credulous!

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

J. A. M. OSBORN (Chess Editor, the *Argosy*, British Guiana).—We are much obliged for your batch of "columns," and congratulate you on the vigour and skill with which they are conducted. We shall always be pleased to hear of your doings.

LIONEL R. WALTERS (Reading).—The art of solving problems comes by constant practice, and by that alone. It is quite true, however, that some people have more aptitude for it than others. It is the same in every form of mental activity.

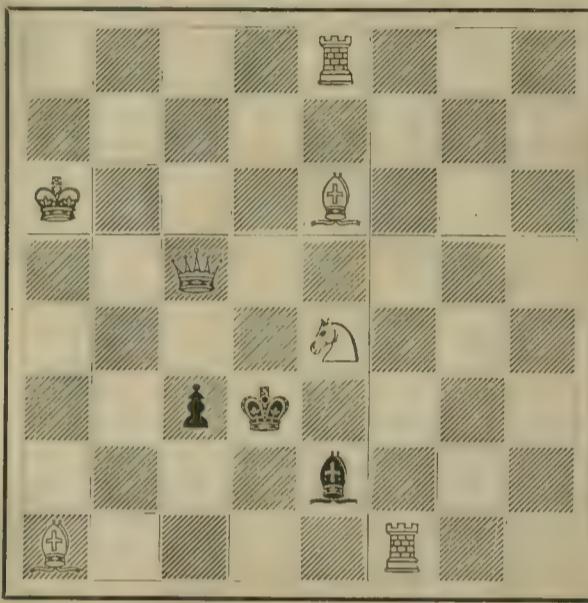
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3211 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3212 from Banarsi Das and Laurent Changuion (St. Helena Bay, Cape Colony); of No. 3213 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3214 from Nripendranath Maitra, B.A. (Calcutta); of No. 3215 from H. O. R. Muttukistna (Puttalam, Ceylon), and Nripendranath Maitra, B.A.; of No. 3218 from James Clark (Chester) and C Field Junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3219 from A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), W. Bryer (Dartmouth), F. B. (Worthing), and James Clark (Chester); of No. 3220 from T. Roberts, C. Tollemache (Eastbourne), F. B. (Worthing), H. S. Brandreth (Naples), and D. Newton (Lisbon).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3221 received from Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Frank T. Anning (Brighton), J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), Sconic, F. Henderson (Leeds), R. Worts (Canterbury), Sorrento, J. Hopkinson (Derby), and G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3220.—By A. W. DANIEL.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to B 6th	Any move.
2. R, Q, or Kt mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM NO. 3223.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.
BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. P. HRALEY and C. H. LORCH.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 5th	P to Q 4th	25. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	26. R to Kt 2nd	R to K sq
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	27. R to R sq	
4. B to Kt 5th	Q to Kt 2nd		
5. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd		
6. Kt to B 3rd	Castles		
7. R to B sq	P to Q Kt 3rd		
8. P takes P			

The game follows what appears at present to be the accepted course in this opening for both sides. Here, perhaps, B to Q 3rd at once might find favour with many.

9. B to Q 3rd	P takes P	27. P to Q B sq	B to Q B sq
10. Castles	P to B 4th	28. Q to Q sq	B to Kt 5th
11. Takes Kt	B to Kt 2nd	29. Q to Kt sq	Kt to B 5th
12. B to Kt sq	B to K sq	30. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to Q 7th
13. Kt to K 2nd	R to Q B sq	31. Q to B B sq	Kt takes B
14. Kt to B 4th	P to Kt 3rd	32. Q takes Kt	B takes Kt

Although there is no obvious objection to this move, there is a feeling that somehow it weakens Black's position.

15. Q to Q 2nd

16. P to K R 4th

And White instinctively strikes at the weak spot with an advance which ultimately determines the issue of the game.

17. R takes R	Q takes R	27. P to Kt 2nd	B to Q B sq
18. Kt takes P	Kt to K 4th	28. Q to R 6th (ch)	
19. Q to Q sq	Q to Q sq	29. P to Kt 2nd	
20. Q to R 4th	P to Q R 3rd	30. P to Kt 3rd	
21. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to B 5th	31. Q to R 4th	
22. Q to B 2nd	Q to Q 3rd	32. Q to R 4th	
23. P to R 5th	R to Q B sq	33. P takes B	
24. P takes P	R P takes P	34. Q to Q B sq	

The game now follows R to Kt 2nd with a view of R to K R sq following, a draw must have resulted. What happens is very curious.

35. Q to K 3rd

36. Kt to Q 3rd

37. P to B 3rd

38. Q takes B

39. R to R 4th

40. Q to Q 2nd

41. Q to B 4th

42. Q to R 6th (ch)

Resigns.

If Black had now played K to Kt 2nd with a view of R to K R sq following, a draw must have resulted. What happens is very curious.

35. Q to K 3rd

36. Kt to Q 3rd

37. P to B 3rd

38. Q takes B

39. R to R 4th

40. Q to K 2nd

41. Q to Kt 2nd

42. Q to R 6th (ch)

Resigns.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played in the Semi-Final Round of the American Chess Congress Correspondence Tournament, between Drs. RYAN and CLAPP.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Dr. R.)	BLACK (Dr. C.)	WHITE (Dr. R.)	BLACK (Dr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. P to K Kt 4th	B to R 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. R takes R	
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd		
4. P to Q 4th	K. Kt takes P		

This is not to be recommended. Q Kt takes P is undoubtedly the better reply.

5. P to Q 5th	Kt to Kt 5th	18. Q takes R	
6. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd	19. R to K sq	Q to B 3rd
7. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd	20. P to Kt 5th	Q to Q 5th (ch)
8. B to Q 3rd	Castles	21. B to K 3rd	Q takes Kt

Very risky, in face of White's development.

9. P to K B 4th	P to K B 3rd	18. Q takes R	
10. Q to R 5th	P to K B 4th	19. R to K sq	Q to B 3rd
11. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 3rd	20. P to Kt 5th	Q to Q 5th (ch)
12. Castles	P to B 3rd	21. B to K 3rd	Q takes Kt

The loss of a piece was inevitable, but Black seeks the most advantageous way of giving it up. With a better position, the material deficit would not be so pronounced, but his faulty early play has made his chance quite hopeless.

22. P takes Q	B takes Kt	22. B takes Q	B takes Kt
23. B takes B	Kt takes B	24. B to Q 4th	R to B 2nd
25. R to K 8th (ch)	R to B 2nd	26. R takes R (ch)	K takes R
26. R takes R (ch)	K takes R	27. Q takes R P	Resigns.

It is not to be recommended. Q Kt takes P is undoubtedly the better reply.

13. B to Q 2nd	Q to K sq	22. B takes Q	B takes Kt
14. Q to R 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	23. B takes B	Kt takes B
15. Q R to K sq	B to K 2nd	24. B to Q 4th	R to B 2nd
16. Kt to B 4th	Q to B 2nd	25. R to K 8th (ch)	R to B sq

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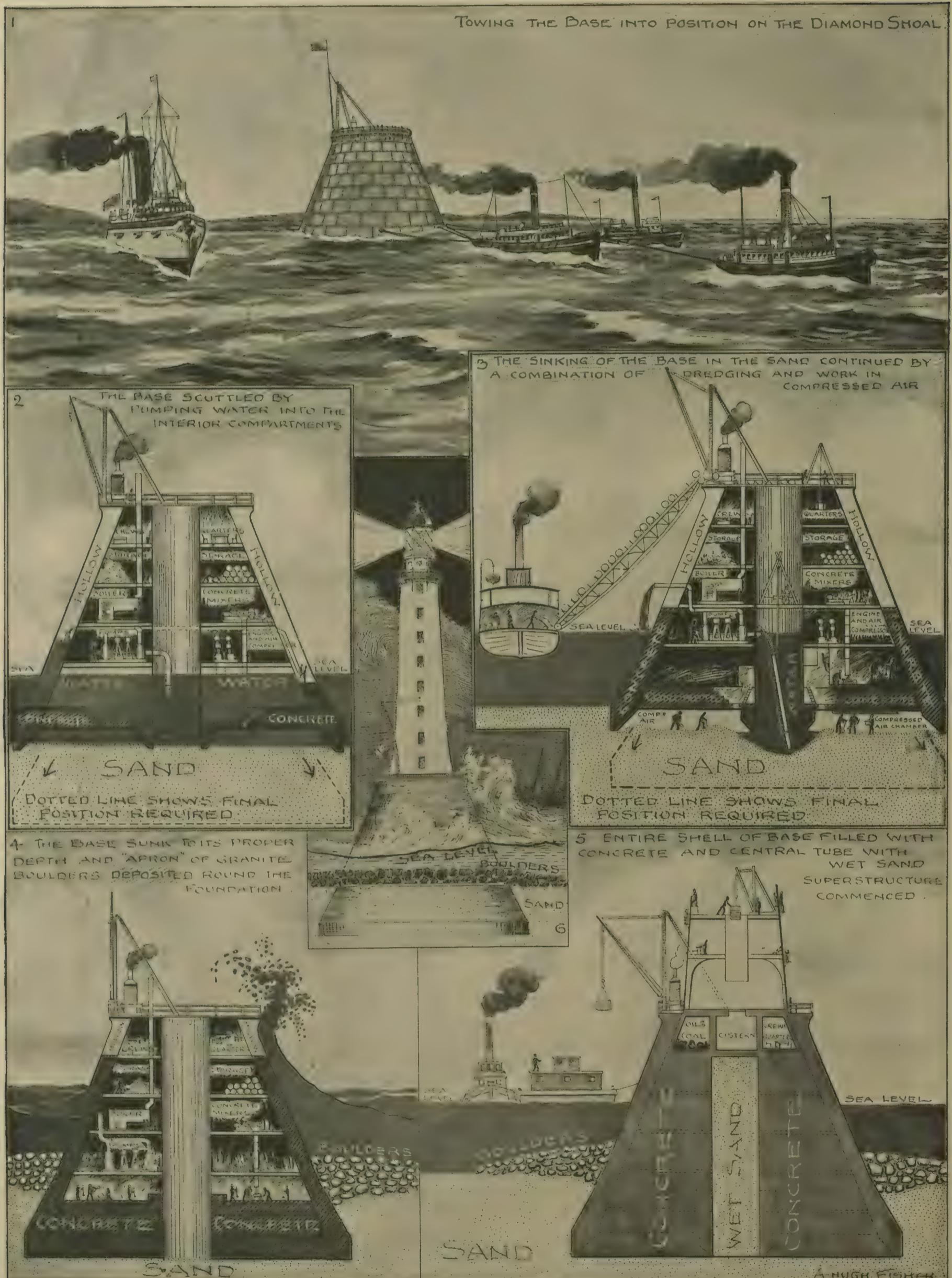


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DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE EASTON PHOTO. NEWS COMPANY.

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The base is a massive steel caisson eighty feet high, with a double shell.

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5. THE ENTIRE SHELL OF THE CAISSON FILLED WITH CONCRETE, AND THE CENTRAL TUBE WITH WET SAND.

6. THE LIGHTHOUSE COMPLETED ON THE READY-MADE FOUNDATION.

A BRITISH PRINCESS WHO IS TO BE QUEEN OF SPAIN.



PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG, FROM BABYHOOD TO WOMANHOOD, AND HER FIANCÉ.

The marriage of King Alfonso with Princess Ena of Battenberg seems now to be a foregone conclusion, and the King and Princess have been seeing a great deal of each other at Biarritz. On Sunday last the King drove Princess Ena to San Sebastian, where the Spanish people gave her Royal Highness a most cordial welcome.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HUGHES AND MULLINS, BY STUART, AND BY BERESFORD.

THE FORTHCOMING ALLIANCE BETWEEN SPAIN AND BRITAIN:

ALL THE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE FROM "L'ILLUSTRATION"



1. PLANTING A TREE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE VILLA MOURISCOT.

2. KING ALFONSO AND PRINCESS ENA POSING FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS AT THE CASTLE OF MIRAMAR.
3. KING ALFONSO RECEIVED BY HIS BRIDE AND PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG AT BIARRITZ.

DRAWN BY L. SABATIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BIARRITZ.

4. A MOTOR-DRIVE.

5. KING ALFONSO AND PRINCESS ENA WALKING IN THE GROUNDS OF THE VILLA MOURISCOT.

King Alfonso has been staying at San Sebastian at the Miramar Palace, which is within easy reach by motor-car of Biarritz, where Princess Ena and her mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg, have Villa Mouriscot. On January 28 the King brought his fiancée to San Sebastian by motor-car, and the Spanish people welcomed her with the greatest enthusiasm. On the previous day the King presented Princess Ena with a

THE COURTSHIP OF KING ALFONSO AND PRINCESS ENA.

EXCEPT NO. 4, WHICH IS BY THE ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



6. KING ALFONSO AND PRINCESS ENA AT THE VILLA MOURISCOT.

7. THE BETROTHED KING AND PRINCESS PLANTING A TREE.

8. ANOTHER STAGE IN THE TREE-PLANTING CEREMONY.

9. AT THE CASTLE OF MIRAMAR.

10. SPADE-WORK AT VILLA MOURISCOT.

been staying at the Villa Mouriscot. The betrothed King and Princess have seen each other every day, and there has been a constant exchange of visits between the Miramar Palace and the Villa Mouriscot. The marriage contract, it is understood, will be signed in London, and will be countersigned by King Edward. King Alfonso has a heart-shaped diamond pendant.



Nero (Mr. Tree).

"NERO," AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE: THE DEATH OF BRITANNICUS.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.

Mr. Tree has produced Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Nero" with no less magnificence than he bestowed upon "Herod" and "Ulysses." The scene here represented is the poisoning of Britannicus, the rightful heir to the purple. Unpoisoned wine too hot to drink is handed to Britannicus, and when he asks that it should be cooled, poisoned snow is put into the cup. Britannicus, who had been asked to sing, then takes his lyre, but after a few bars he falls dead.

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YOUNG TREES.

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THE ORCHARD.

THE VINEYARD.

FISHING, HUNTING, AND
SHOOTING.



THE THRESHING-FLOOR.

BUILDING BARNS.

HARVEST.

PAGES FROM A WONDERFUL FRENCH MANUSCRIPT BOUGHT BY MR. QUARITCH FOR £2600.

The manuscript, by Pierre de Crescence, or Croosten, is known as "Le Livre de Rustican," and is of the fifteenth century. It is divided into twelve books, each of which begins with a miniature. Nine of these, illustrating the country life of the period, are here reproduced by Mr. Quaritch's permission.

ROYAL LOVERS BEFORE THE CAMERA AT BIARRITZ.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



King.

Princess.

Princess Henry.

KING ALFONSO AND HIS FIANCEE POSING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER AT THE VILLA MOURISCOT, BIARRITZ.

During one of King Alfonso's visits to his betrothed at the Villa Mouriscot, Biarritz, the King and Princess posed for a photographer.

THINGS NEW AND CURIOUS FROM MANY SOURCES.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

THE CHURCH AS IT NOW APPEARS.
Photo, Sturdee.

A church in Bloomsbury, formerly connected with St. Giles, has been turned into a rag-and-bone store. It stands in Short's Gardens, and was built by public subscription in 1881.

FROST DECORATION ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA.
Photo, Soldi.

AN ELABORATE CURTAIN IN BATIK WORK.

AN INCONGRUITY, AND
WONDERS OF NATURE.
ART, AND SCIENCE.

THE TOOLS FOR BATIK WORK.
Photos, Clement.

At the Lyceum Club there has been an exhibition of some wonderful examples of ancient Javanese Batik work. The design is first traced with a pencil, and is then wrought in melted wax. The wax is poured into the bowls of the instruments here shown, and it then passes through the pipes on to the fabric that is being decorated.



THE METHOD OF SLIPPING IN THE AUXILIARY MAGAZINE.



FIRING FIFTEEN SHOTS IN THREE SECONDS.

FORTY BULLS'-EYES A MINUTE: THE HALLÉ AUTOMATIC RIFLE.

The Hallé rifle, invented by Mr. Clifford Hallé, the son of the great musician Sir Charles Hallé, has a fixed magazine containing six cartridges. The magazine opens downwards, and can be reloaded from a charger in such a way that it can be constantly replenished while there is still a charge in the barrel. When the lid is opened it is possible to slip in an extra magazine, holding any number of cartridges in reason. These slip-magazines have only to be pushed into the fixed magazine, when they immediately release the cartridges and fix themselves. One of the great Continental Powers has been testing the rifle practically. The target can be hit forty times in the minute without a rest; and with a rest these hits can be converted into bulls'-eyes and inners.

INTERESTING LEAVES FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.



BLESSING HORSES IN THE STREET.

THE BLESSING OF THE HORSES ON ST. ANTHONY'S DAY IN ROME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABENIACAR.

St. Anthony, who preached to the fishes, is also the patron saint of horses, and on his day in Italy horses are brought together to be solemnly blessed by the clergy. A cavalry regiment paraded in the arena of the Coliseum for the benediction.



BLESSING CAVALRY HORSES IN THE COLISEUM.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT'S PRESENT TO MISS ROOSEVELT:
A £5000 GOBELINS TAPESTRY.

This splendid example of the work of the Gobelins tapestry factory in Paris has been sent by the French Government as a wedding present to Miss Alice Roosevelt. It has just arrived in America.

THE GIANT STERN-FRAME OF A NEW OCEAN TURBINE
FOR THE CUNARD LINE.

Photo. Thos.
This tremendous frame for the new 25-knot turbine Cunard liner was cast by the Darlington Forge Company. It weighs 220 tons including the rudder, and it is one of the most ponderous casts ever made in the history of shipbuilding.



A GIFT TO THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL: ROBY HALL.

Roby Hall, formerly the seat of the Edwards-Moss family, has been presented by Alderman Bowring to the city of Liverpool. The grounds will be used as a public park.



THE KING OF BENIN'S SISTRUM.

The sistrum is a sort of rattle used in religious rites. It is carved with symbols of a triune god and the crocodile deity. It is Portuguese art of the sixteenth century.

THE WIFE OF THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT, AND HIS HOME AT LOUPILLON.



THE DINING-ROOM.

THE new President of the French Republic has had to submit to the entry of the photographer into his house at Loupillon. "Yet why should you?" he said; "there is nothing to see." Nothing could be simpler than his residence, which differs little from that of a small country proprietor. M. Fallières' hobby is his vineyard, and he delights to retire thither from the turmoil of politics. Alphonse Karr



THE BED-ROOM.

wrote over his door his name with the designation "Gardener." M. Fallières might, if he favoured such affectations, which he does not, write over the door of his country house: "Armand Fallières, Vine-dresser." His study is a work-room *par excellence*, severely plain in all its appointments. The interviewer found time between the snap-shots to note the President's books. Chief among them are the works of Montaigne, Chateaubriand, Balzac, Hugo, Michelet, Louis Blanc, and Henri



MADAME FALLIÈRES.

Martin. On the walls hang some photographs; on the mantelpiece is a bust of the Republic. The huge writing-table was covered with books and papers. The President has not allowed his election to the highest office in the State to interrupt his passion for outdoor exercise. He is still faithful to his constitutional. Every morning he goes out at eight o'clock for a two hours' walk, and an industrious chronicler, who followed him the other day, records that



THE STUDY.

his route lay past the Odéon, along the Rue Racine, the Rue des Ecoles, the Pont Sully, the Boulevard Henri IV., the Grand Boulevards, across the Place de la Concorde, along the Rue de Burgogne and the Boulevard St. Germain up to the Petit Luxembourg. But all the time, no doubt, amid the bustle of the streets of Paris he sighs for the peace of his southern vineyard.



THE KITCHEN.

POLO BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN INDIA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



THE BENGAL POLO CLUB TOURNAMENT ON THE MAIDAN, CALCUTTA.

The Maidan is the great open space at Calcutta where reviews, polo matches, and all important gatherings are held. There their Royal Highnesses attended a popular gathering, where curious dances were celebrated. These we illustrated recently in detail.

CRAFTSMANSHIP ANCIENT AND MODERN.



COVER OF INCENSE-ALTAR.



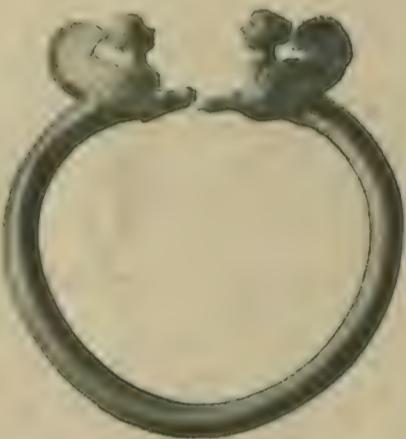
FRAGMENT OF A DRINKING-HORN, CARVED SILVER IN THE FORM OF A GRIFFON.



GREAT BRACELET, WITH CARVED KNOT IN FILIGREE.



THE ORNAMENTATION OF THE GREAT BRACELET.

INCENSE-ALTAR,
AN EXAMPLE OF EGYPTIAN ART.

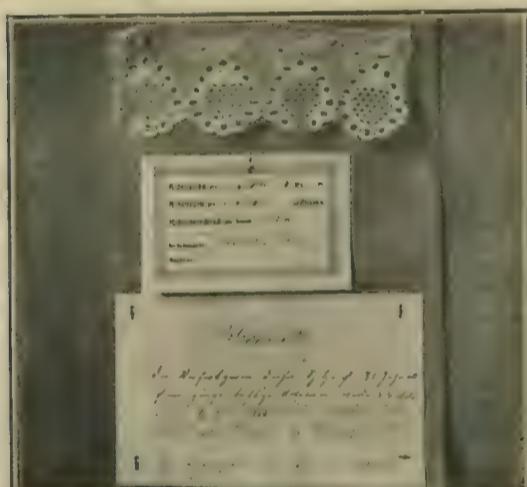
SMALL BRACELET, WITH SPHINX TERMINALS.



TWISTED GOLD BRACELET; TERMINALS, PERSIAN GRIFFONS.

ANCIENT GREEK AND EGYPTIAN ART DISCOVERED IN EGYPT: THE TREASURE OF TOUK-EL-GARMOUS.

A few weeks ago an old Egyptian was travelling past the ruins of Touk-el-Garmous, when his horse's hoof struck upon an ancient vase and broke it. Noticing the glitter of gold, the fellah dug in the sand and brought to light a wonderful treasure of Greek art, which has been submitted to M. Maspero, who believes it to have belonged to a temple or to some rich person. The great bracelet is one of the most splendid of its kind that has been discovered in recent years.



LACE EMBROIDERY AT A FARTHING PER HOUR.



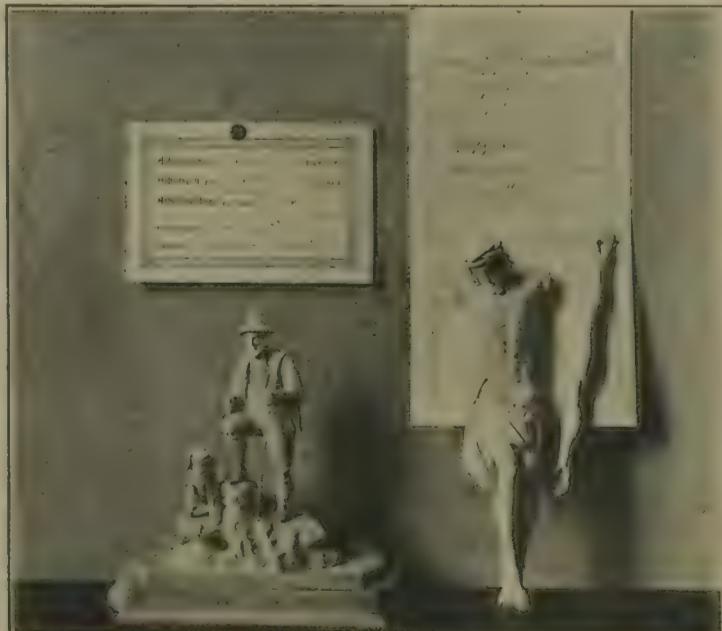
WOOD-CARVING AT ONE, TWO, AND THREE FARTHINGS PER HOUR.



SOME OF THE EXHIBITS.

WORK AT THREE FARTHINGS AN HOUR: AN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION IN BERLIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE BERLINER ILLUSTRATIONS GESELLSCHAFT.



ART AT A PENNY FARTHING AN HOUR.

An Exhibition of Home Industries in Berlin has made it very clear that a great number of the things exhibited, although sold for very little, are not really cheaply produced, but are the result of sweat labour. Some of the embroidery was actually paid at a farthing per hour.



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LADIES' PAGES.

COUNTLESS people will rejoice to hear that the British National Gallery is to possess the Sargent portrait of Miss Ellen Terry, not merely because it is a fine picture in itself, rich in colour, and an excellent portrait of the charming subject, but because of the affection in which the actress is held by her devoted admirers. Ellen Terry seems to me to be an illustration of how the effect of beauty can be produced by a countenance that in a portrait gives no adequate or convincing impression of beauty. Neither from a great artist's portrait nor from any photographic presentment will the future student of the drama's history be able to gauge in its proper high degree the charm that a delightful personality exercised. The classic instance of the failure of pictures to indicate beauty is, of course, that of Mary Queen of Scots. Her contemporary portraits are not merely devoid of positive beauty, they are usually even ugly. Those in the National Portrait Gallery are particularly unfavourable specimens. The best in existence, perhaps, is the girlish portrait that is now in Paris, and that was painted by Janet when Mary Stuart was in France in her early youth; the next most pleasing is what is known as "The Windsor Miniature," which is recorded to have been in the royal collection since Charles the First's time, and is conjectured on good evidence to be the one from which Mary's son, James I., had the likeness taken for the Queen's tomb in Westminster Abbey. Yet even these best examples leave us wondering where the beauty was found that is universally lauded by her contemporaries. In this case, no doubt, as in Miss Terry's, there was a charm in the expression and a beauty of the countenance that paint cannot convey. There is certainly about all Miss Terry's personality this abounding charm: when she is in the room one watches her almost unconsciously, but inevitably. To do so is to gain a series of pleasant impressions, a succession, as it were, of charming sketches. The stately, dignified, imposing attitude and look of the Sargent picture is one aspect; but the sweet and gay and touching aspects cannot be there at the same moment.

I gather from certain newspaper paragraphs that an English magazine editor has just printed some particularly unpleasant remarks by a German Professor about the American women. That any such objectionable references to America should sometimes appear in our Press is to be deplored, for they play into the hands of a certain small but powerful class, the bitter enemies of this country, who have a strong hold over the direction of public business in America. The influence of all the best people, however, is in the other direction. Our kinship is strongly felt; even those who have had ancestors of other nationalities on one side of their houses usually come into the British connection of blood on the other side; and in ideals and in aspirations we are assuredly more akin to the people of the United States than to those of any other country.



A HANDSOME VISITING DRESS

Chiffon velours of a bright golden brown shade, having the corsage arranged in an original fashion, is trimmed with brocaded velvet and enamel buttons.

This is especially true about the position of the English and American women. In regard both to customs and to laws, we women of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family are fifty years ahead of any other nation's women; but the Americans have considerably outdone us in many ways. It is not, perhaps, surprising that a man from one of the more backward nations should dislike the freedom, activity, ability, high education, and independence of the American women; but why should he be allowed to express his ill-will in English publications? After all, the only person whose opinion of the American woman matters is—the American man! He is well content with his sister and partner, and with the bright, full, comrade-like home-life that he obtains with a woman as well educated and as intelligent and free in spirit as himself. The fact is that the American women are the best-educated, brightest, most interesting, courteous, sisterly, warm-hearted, and adaptable of the women of the present day, and the men who know them best appreciate them most! As to the number of Englishmen who have shown that they also appreciate American women by marrying them, there is an obviously less amiable interpretation possible of those frequent excursions a-wooing to America of our aristocracy; yet in many cases the suggestion of merely mercenary motives would be plainly erroneous, and we should usually be mistaken in imputing it.

American women lead the world, among the rest, in charity. One of the most recent books published by Scribners, "The City in America, the Hope of Democracy," by Mr. F. C. Howe, says on page 174—"A large part of the uplift which has come to our cities in recent years is traceable to the activity of women. Through them most of the movements which relieve the burdens of the poor have been inspired. Behind the settlement, the kindergarten, the small park, the crèche, the juvenile offenders' court, the school, and the library; behind the Consumers' League against sweating and the movement for the abolition of child labour; behind many another movement for bettering the conditions of life in the home and the factory, is the influence of women." Everybody interested in philanthropy here, indeed, knows how many of our modern efforts for the unfortunate have come to us from the example and inspiration of American women. Such, for instance, is the Vacation School, at which the poorest class of children are helped to spend their holidays from the ordinary school in a pleasant and beneficial fashion, with selected games, drill, drawing and painting, the use of tools, and pleasant forms of needlework for amusement. Such is, again, the Special School for Crippled Children, to which they are conveyed in proper ambulance and other carriages, and where they find appropriate reclining couches or other seats for each variety of affliction, and lessons carefully suited to the case. Then there are the Juvenile Courts, specially to try childish delinquents, saving them from the disgrace and the horror—too easily converted into the utter indifference—of association with hardened adult criminals. All these and several other excellent re-

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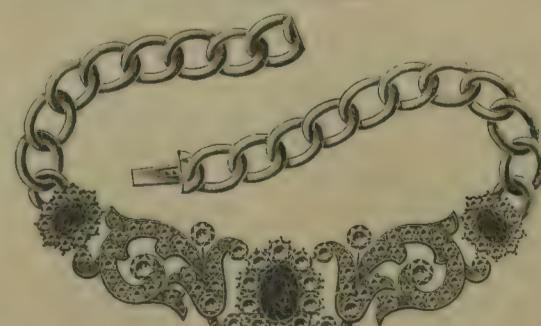
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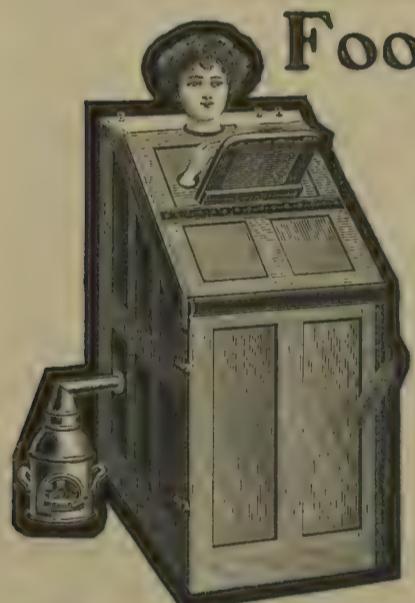
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recently introduced into this country have come to us from the womanly heart and originality of thought of America. Some other excellent charities established there by women have not yet been imported to England. Such is Dr. Elizabeth Abbott Carleton's Home for Aged Couples, in Boston, where old married people of refinement are received together and cared for free as if in a nice boarding-house; the stories of the inmates are very pathetic in many cases—often the unexpected length of their years has exhausted all the old folks' savings, and allowed them to know the sad lot of watching by the death-beds of all their children and helpers. Then there is a "Children's Friend Society" established to aid poor widows to bring up their children in their own homes; often a far preferable form of charity to removing the fatherless little ones to an orphanage. I could extend this list indefinitely, and I could equally cite interesting proofs of the brilliant cleverness and good work of American women in many other fields of human endeavour. Would it not be more profitable to ourselves as well as more conducive to the brotherly concord of the nations, to have all this excellence of the American woman dwelt upon?

Englishwomen are not backward in the organisation and devising of charitable work, either. Lady Aberdeen, who returns to Ireland now, originated, when she was "Lady Lieutenant" before, the excellent scheme for helping the peasantry of the Irish Industries Association, which has already sent over £123,000 into Ireland. The annual St. Patrick's Day sale of this association is to be held in London this year at Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square. Another prospering effort of the moment is associated with the name of Mrs. Barnett, wife of Canon Barnett, of Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel. It is due to that lady primarily that a large tract of land abutting on Hampstead Heath has been purchased by a public fund and preserved for recreation; and she is now busy trying to raise capital and organising arrangements to build around the area thus saved, on land belonging to the Eton College trustees, a "Garden Suburb." The Earl of Crewe, the Bishop of London, Sir John Gorst, and some other gentlemen are the Committee of the "Garden Suburb Trust," but Mrs. Barnett is the Hon. Sec. and inspiring mind of this effort. The object is not only to preserve the environs of the Heath from overcrowded and jerry-built small streets, but to furnish municipalities with an object-lesson of how new townships, with accommodation for every social class of inhabitants, may and should be built. Mrs. Barnett will send full particulars, if applied to at the Warden's Lodge, Toynbee Hall, E., and it will be a good work for anybody who can to take up some of the shares to carry through this experiment.

Notwithstanding all that is said about the rapid changes of fashion, there is really but a



A GRACEFUL EMPIRE TEA-GOWN.

Pink satin Messaline builds this beautiful garment, finished with passementerie of white softest silk touched with gold, and a lace collar to harmonise.

slow and gradual process at work. The modes of three years ago look strange enough, indeed, but in essentials the style of the last year and the present one are seldom very different. The sleeve, being very easily altered and at the same time giving great distinctiveness to the appearance, is perhaps more subject to violent oscillations than any other detail. Keep a watchful eye, therefore, upon the alterations of fashion's fancies in this respect, and the other points will probably seldom require abrupt changes to any great extent. Thus, at present, the bolero that we have had so long with us dies so hard that it seems as if it would never quite leave us. It is a very comfortable and simple fashion, is that little short and loose-edged bodice, overhanging a belt and a front which are more or less deep and wide at different moments in the fashion plates, but in practice are not often altered. But its sleeves have undergone many mutations since the bolero first started on its career and managed to secure its vogue. The somewhat full puffed-topped elbow sleeve holds the field at present; and it is predicted that this is to remain in our English fashions for the early spring.

Although the bolero still retains its position, a decided change in style must be considered to be chronologically due, and it will in all probability be found to come about in the direction of the Empire style. At all events, the manufacturers are busy producing the softest of cloths in anticipation that the Empire or the Princess cut will soon cause a great demand for such pliant materials for day wear, just as the chiffon velvets and marrowy satins are expected to be used respectively for afternoon and evening wear made up in these revived clinging modes. Shaded materials are also having much attention from the manufacturers; the daintiest combinations of colouring are produced, equalling the exquisite shadings of nature in the blossom's petal or the sunset's glow. These are also seen in the face-cloths, but in those the faint plain colours are most to the front. Delicate greens and pastel blues are especially prominent on the new pattern cards, and there is that wonderful shade of pinkish mauve that Queen Alexandra so favours to be forthcoming in every sort of fabric. Gold and silver promise to be much used in the embroideries and passementerries, and the use of copper in the same way is a novelty that has pleasing features; the red-brown of this material harmonises perfectly with some tones, such as the heliotrope just mentioned, and with green, and also with brown.

The Lemco Company, always enterprising where cookery is concerned, have just announced that they have arranged to give the new edition of Mrs. Beeton's 7s. 6d. "Household Management," which has just been published in a greatly enlarged form, in exchange for a certain number of Lemco weight coupons. This will be an additional incentive to housekeepers to work out new and pleasing methods of using Lemco in every-day and invalid cookery.

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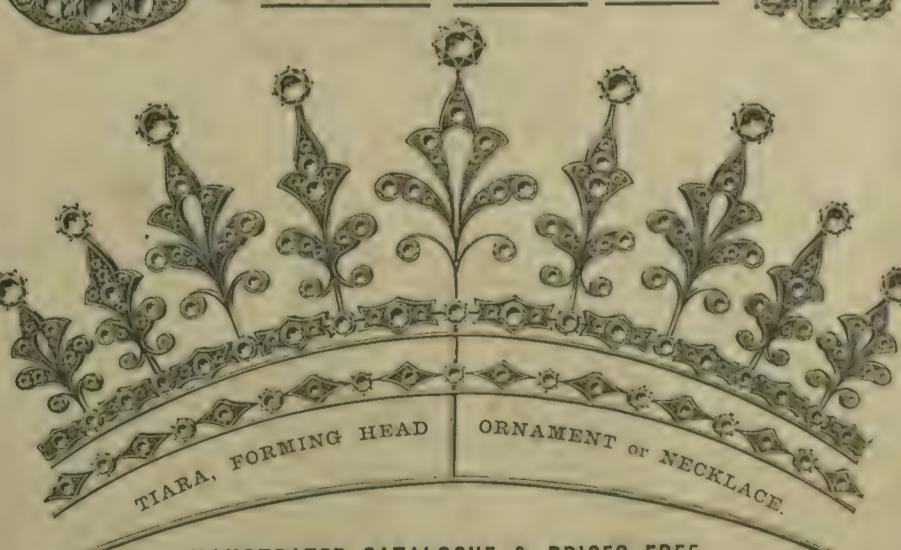
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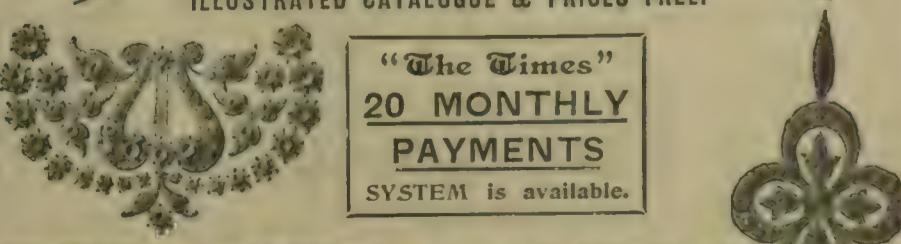
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BENSON'S, 25, OLD BOND ST.,

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Rev. Alfred J. Poynder, Rector of Whitechapel, held his New Year's reception for 1906 at the Foundation School, Whitechapel Road. Lord Kinnauld and other West-End friends were present to meet the church-workers of the parish. An interesting address was given by Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain-General to the Forces.

One of the greatest living Chinese scholars is Bishop Moule, an elder brother of the Bishop of Durham.

book on Hang-chow is the standard text-book on the subject.

The Bishop of London, in a recent sermon at Westminster Abbey, warned Churchmen against an undue timidity in regard to the Higher Criticism. Students of the New Testament, he remarked, are best able to realise how historically we touch Jesus Christ.

Hearty congratulations to the *Guardian* on the attainment of its diamond jubilee! The first number appeared on Jan. 21, 1846, the same day on which Charles Dickens founded the *Daily News*. In its early

measure of the growth of interest in the work of the Church.

The Japanese mission field is likely to attract some of the ablest clergy in the Church of England, as the opportunities are great, and even a small success may have far-spreading results. One of the latest recruits is the Rev. H. B. Walton, Rector of Tingewick, Bucks, who is resigning his parish to proceed as a missionary to Japan under the S.P.G.

The Rev. H. Robinson, Rector of Holy Trinity, Goodramgate, York, is to be the special preacher at



THE KING OF ITALY VISITING THE REMAINS OF THE IMPERIAL TRIBUNAL.



THE SITE OF THE IMPERIAL TRIBUNAL IN THE ROMAN FORUM.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE IMPERIAL TRIBUNAL IN THE ROMAN FORUM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABENIACAR.

Signor Boni has discovered traces of a building which he believes may have contained the Imperial tribunal. This is most interesting, because of its connection with two marble *platei* or screens which stand close to the east side of the partially restored *rostrum*. These screens represent the Emperor Trajan in three acts of princely benevolence. He is shown announcing a dole of food to the applauding *plebs*, receiving the thanks of a woman (presumably Italy) with two children, and lastly burning tax-books. Signor Boni holds that these acts may emphasise three aspects of the *principatus*, in relation to Rome and Italy and the Provinces. From these designs, Signor Boni argued the existence of a building of similarly wide significance, and from architectural details on the slabs he surmised the existence of a platform or tribunal in front of the facade of the Basilica Julia. Actual vestiges of such a building he has now discovered. The King of Italy has visited the excavations.

Dr. G. E. Moule offered himself for missionary work in 1857, and was sent to China. In 1880 he was consecrated as Bishop of Mid-China in St. Paul's Cathedral. He has written upon many varied Chinese topics, and his

weeks the *Guardian* had thirty-two small page columns; to-day it has a minimum of ninety-six large page columns, rising sometimes to double that number. The increase, as the editor remarks, may fairly be taken as a

the consecration of Bishops at St. Paul's this week. The Rev. A. N. Thomas will be consecrated as Bishop of Adelaide, and Archdeacon Price as Bishop of Fuh-Kien.

V.

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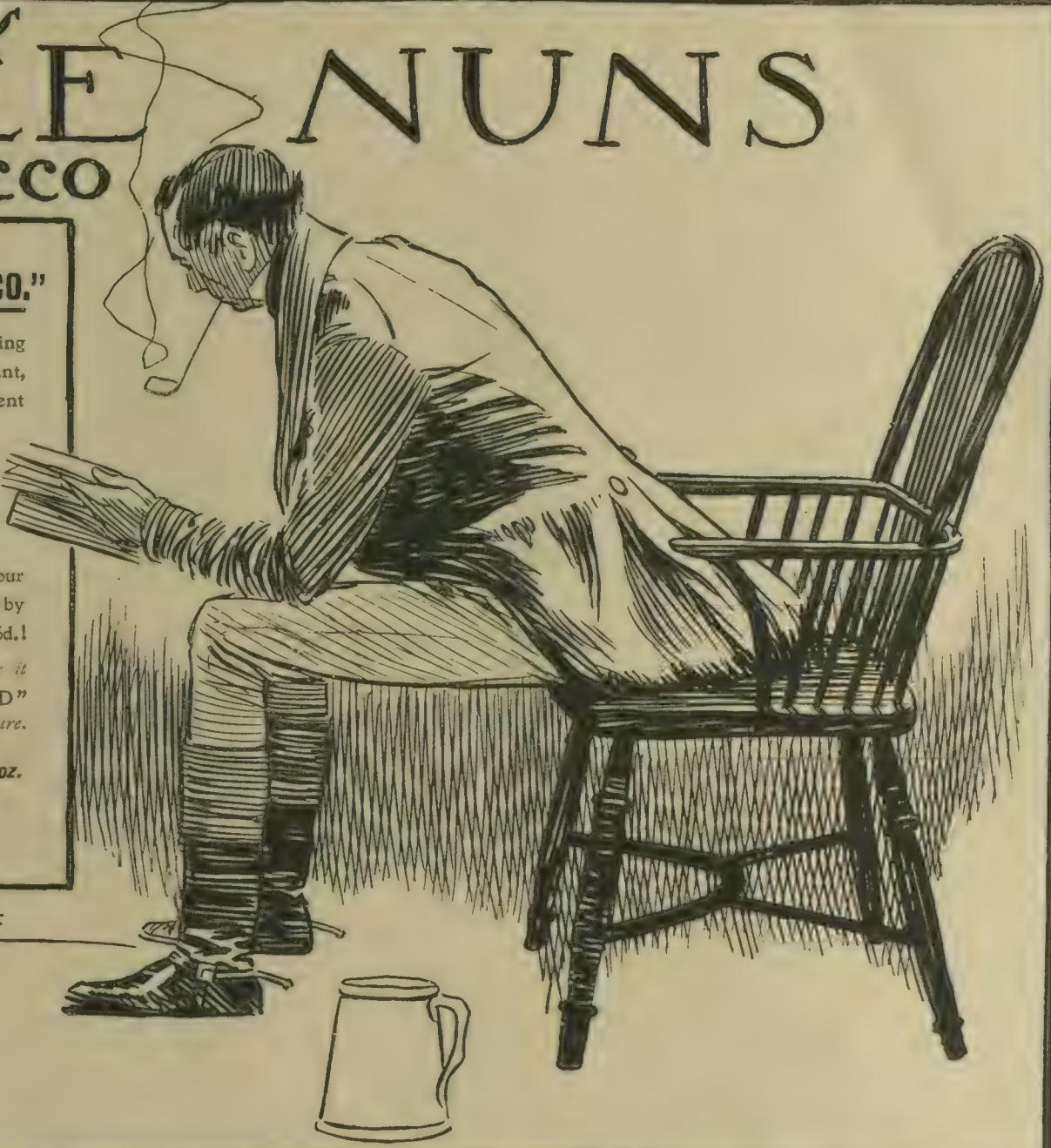
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In far Western Virginia negroes are plucking for you the tender leaves of the tobacco plant, while, on a rocky cape in Syria, a far different race is gathering for you the choice growths of Latakia. For you the ships race the seas, while men risk their lives that the precious cargo may be safely delivered. An army of men awaits their coming, and in due course an ounce of your beloved "Three Nuns" is delivered to you by your tobacconist—for the modest sum of 6d.!

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THE WHISKY
MELLOWED BY MATURITY

ART NOTES.

THE late Arthur Melville, R.W.S., A.R.S.A., was, in spite of the array of initials that follow his name, an artist of quite unofficial fame, being one of the many free-lances whose talent owed nothing to Academic influence, and met with no Academic acknowledgement. It is not difficult to understand why Melville should be grouped with those who ignored the uses of the Academy's stepping-stones to recognition. His methods were bold, and unbound by convention. Many of his big portraits, notably one shown at the New Gallery in 1898, were noticeable for their singularity rather than for their merit—though merit was there. In oil paint, at least, he was ever something of the amateur, though he was ambitious even to the length of attempting to reproduce effects of the greys and browns of Velasquez. But it is simple truth to say that as a water-colourist he was masterly.

All the pomp and circumstance that should attend the exhibition of a great painter's work is present at the galleries of the Royal Institute of Water-Colours, where Arthur Melville's works are collected. The illustrated catalogue gives that brief record of each picture which we associate with the cataloguing of the "old master"; the walls have been newly decorated (though with indifferent taste) to receive his canvases. And indeed it is meet and just that such talent should have the tribute which this exhibition gives it; and it is most satisfactory that the public should have the opportunity of gathering its scattered views of work which hitherto it has seen but scattered among the years and the galleries. The water-colours show more than that degree of talent sufficient to arrest the eye on exhibition walls. It is an extraordinary talent. Arthur Melville doubtless found in Whistler the spur to deal with the right side of beauty. He painted the "nocturne" with strange power and beauty, bringing an even stronger realisation of reality to his subject than did the older master.

The art of miniature is to us strictly the art of portraiture in little; an art excellent in the days that Evelyn diaried, and still admirable when George IV. was King. Once it was the art of the illuminator. But now miniatures and monks are no longer associated; and the collector of miniatures would be a collector of snuff-boxes or French engravings rather than of early manuscripts. The Royal Society of Miniature-Painters, whose exhibition is open at the Modern Gallery in Bond Street, devotes itself entirely to the minute portrayal of the features, not at all with martyrdoms or festivals, the cloister, or the chapel. The modern miniaturist finds his puzzles in the neat parting of his sitter's hair, or the roses

of his subject's cheeks. And he or she often dispels these puzzles with excellent solution: the standard of the Society's work is distinctly high.

But while miniature-painting as practised by its Royal Society has no reference to monastic miniature, it might be reasonably expected that it would, in these

be absurd to expect so dashing a painter on a large scale as Mr. Hal Hurst to adopt the staid though elegant traditions of the eighteenth-century miniaturist. In short, we must resign ourselves to the dashing miniature!

There are two new classes in the world of miniature—this dashing miniature and the interior miniature, which keeps pace with the taste for the study of interior lights. Mr. S. Arthur Lindsey's "Portrait of a Lady" is to all intents a reduced "full-length" from some exhibition of the Society of Portrait-Painters. Miss Aimée Muspratt's "Mrs. Barron" has, too, a realism which has hitherto belonged to the life-sized portrait; while the same lady's "Out of Doors" shows by its very title how completely the traditions of miniature have passed away. This is much to be regretted, because nothing can surpass the masterly elegance and finish of the miniature of old; and as the instinct for composition is not now with us, it would be well were we to study old masterpieces of painting in little. Mrs. Gertrude Massey's "Mrs. Falcon" is a very capable and very interesting study of an aged profile; there is character in Mr. S. Arthur Lindsey's "Mrs. F. M. St. Leger Harrison (Lucas Malèt)," and the same quality is admirably manifested in "My Mother," by Miss Marion Broadhead. "Robert Roy, Esq.," by Mr. Lionel Heath, is notable for its precise detail, a commendable quality in the day of the sketchy miniature; and there is a certain dignity and charm in the arrangement of Miss Gladys Falke's "Mrs. Gabell."

W. M.



Photo, Hughes and Mullins.
THE FUTURE QUEEN OF SPAIN: PRINCESS ENA OF
BATTENBERG AT FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

days of revivals, hark back to the heyday of the art—the eighteenth century, and would learn its lessons of colour and composition from its past-masters. The Royal Society of Miniature-Painters seem to ignore the history of their department of the arts, and to have packed up its excellent conventions in the Society's lumber-room. We remember only two copies, both by Miss May Bridgman, of the older miniatures in this exhibition, and these must be acclaimed as the most pleasing things now at the Modern Gallery. But it would most surely

From the Afghanistan Frontier, on Dec. 29 last, Mr. Charles J. Glidden, who is touring the world in a motor-car, dispatched a postcard to the Dunlop Tyre Company, whose tyres are fitted to the car. Up to the date named, Mr. Glidden had covered 2433 miles in India and forty-one in Afghanistan, bringing his total mileage to 27,574. His Dunlop tyres are unaffected by either great heat or great cold. He mentions that he has only had one nail-puncture, so that his progress is certainly not retarded by tyre troubles.

We are informed by the managers of the Orient - Pacific Line that they have just received a cablegram from Melbourne announcing that the Commonwealth Government have signified their assent to the transfer of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's interest in the mail contract to the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company. The line, under the new name of the "Orient - Royal Mail Line," will continue to be managed as hitherto by Messrs. F. Green and Co. and Messrs. Anderson, Anderson, and Co., and there will be no change in the existing itinerary.

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Director of the Royal Conservatorium of Music, DR. RÖNTSCH.



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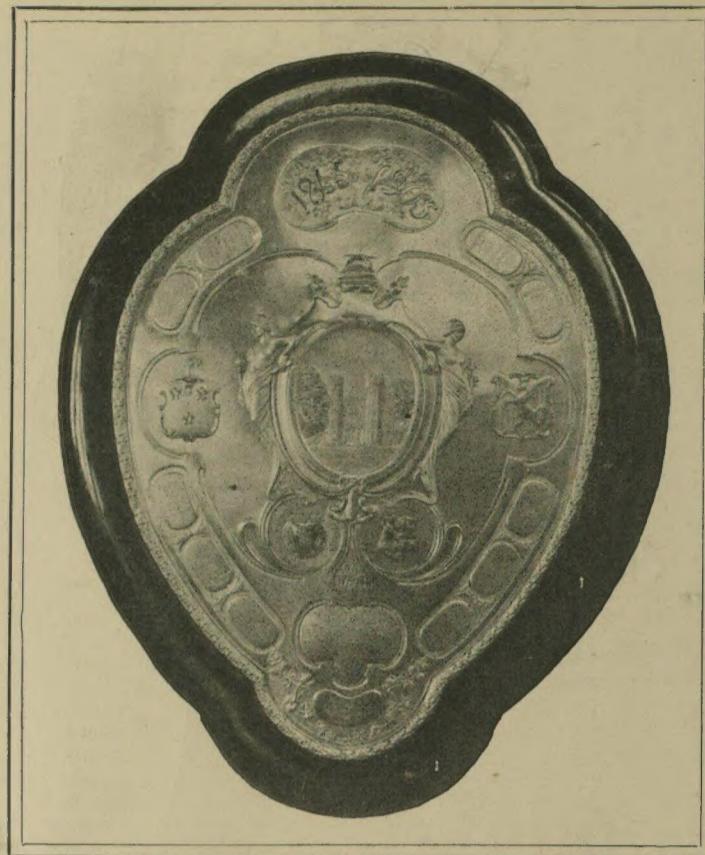
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NOURISHES WARMS, STRENGTHENS.

MUSIC.

AT a time when there is so much that is new and even seemingly eccentric in music, concerts, devoted to compositions of an older and more placid era, all admirably rendered, must come as a welcome change to most of us. In some quiet corners of this big city one may hear from time to time beautiful work with which the modern orchestral societies do not seek to cope, because it was written for simpler times than ours. Old chamber-music has many devoted adherents, and it has been particularly well rendered by Miss Grace Sunderland and Mr. Frank Thistleton in the charming series of concerts they are giving at Broadwood's. Last week the fourth of the series was made the occasion for the first performance in England of a Rondo in D major by Mozart, for piano, violin, and 'cello. A Serenade Trio by Beethoven and a Sonata by Arne were other well-presented items in a programme that included work by Haydn, Couperin, and William Croft, and was marked from first to last by wise selection and a sincere, capable, and understanding execution. However the moderns may charm us and exercise our faculty of comprehension to the fullest, there must always be a wide and appreciative audience for old chamber-music so finely interpreted. The next of the Sunderland-Thistleton concerts will be given on Feb. 20, when works by Dr. Boyce, Gluck, Vivaldi, and others will be performed.

Owing to the domestic bereavement which has overtaken Sir Frederick Bridge, the Royal Choral Society was directed last week by Mr. H. L. Balfour, the Society's organist, who filled a difficult position with credit rather than distinction. The chief interest centred in the performance of the famous Brahms "Requiem." This work, written nearly forty years ago, was really introduced into England by Sir George Macfarren. He was one of the first in this country to recognise the extraordinary beauty of a composition that ranks side by side with the "Schicksalslied" as the finest and most characteristic of the master's works. It had to fight its way to recognition through a hurricane of disapproval, but stands to-day beyond the reach of criticism. At the Albert Hall, Madame Sobrino and Mr. Francis Harford divided the honours of the soloists, but towards the end of the performance orchestra and chorus fell away a little from the standard of their earlier work.

The hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Mozart's birth has been celebrated by Mr. Henry Wood's orchestra at the Bechstein Hall under the auspices of the Concertgoers' Club, and by the London Symphony at the Queen's Hall under the



THE SIR WILLIAM HART DYKE TESTIMONIAL.

The shield is of sterling silver. In the centre a chased panel representing Lullingstone Castle is surrounded by a plain border and two allegorical figures, symbolical of Law and Integrity, surmounted by the cap and books and maces. The arms of Sir W. H. Dyke and of the County of Kent chased in relief appear on right and left respectively, and around the periphery are placed eleven shields, engraved with the Parliamentary returns of elections won by the recipient, with the inscription plate at foot, which is engraved as follows: "Presented to the Right Honourable Sir William Hart Dyke, Baronet, M.P., by his friends and supporters in the County of Kent, on the completion of forty years' unbroken Parliamentary services." The shield was designed and modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of London and Sheffield.

direction of Sir Charles Stanford, with programmes given up almost entirely to the work of the man who is regarded by a very large number of good judges as the greatest composer the world has known. Robert

Burns was born just three years later than Mozart, and a great Scottish concert was given at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday last in celebration of the hundred and forty-seventh anniversary of his birth, to the great satisfaction of all good Scotsmen. Appropriately enough, his Majesty's Scots Guards sent their band, and many of our leading singers who first saw light across the Border helped to swell the enthusiasm.

At the Crystal Palace preparations are already being made for the great Triennial Handel Festival. Mesdames Albani, Clara Butt, Agnes Nicholls, and Muriel Foster are already engaged, together with Messrs. Andrew Black, Charles Santley, Ben Davies, and Kennerley Rumford. Dr. Frederick Coker will conduct, and rehearsals day is fixed for June 23.

Dr. Richter made a welcome reappearance in town on Monday last to direct the London Symphony Orchestra, and the concert commenced with an admirable rendering of Chopin's "Marche Funèbre" in memory of King Christian of Denmark, who had passed away a few hours before the concert commenced. Moving rapidly from grave to gay, Dr. Richter, whose appearance on the platform evoked extraordinary enthusiasm, obtained such a rendering of the overture to "Die Meistersinger" as he alone can obtain even from an instrument so perfect as the London Symphony Orchestra. Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Mazeppa," was finely rendered, but did not make a very strong appeal, but Anton Dvorák's symphonic variations were followed with deepest appreciation. Dr. Richter concluded the first part of the programme with a performance of Mozart's "Zauberflöte" Overture that must have revealed to one and all the extraordinary genius of the work. Seldom have we heard its fine qualities more admirably expressed. The second part of the concert was devoted to Glazounoff's Symphony in C Minor, perhaps the most distinguished symphony written by a living master, and interpreted by Dr. Richter with an intimacy and a sense of distinction that sent the audience from the Queen's Hall feeling that they had been present at one of the finest concerts of the season.

Mr. Filson Young is at present engaged on a "Life and Account of the Voyages of Christopher Columbus," which the firm of E. Grant Richards hopes to have ready for publication in the autumn of this year. The author hopes that any who have portraits, charts, maps, letters, or other documents relating to Columbus, will assist him by communicating with him at the address of his publisher, 7, Carlton Street, Regent Street, S.W.

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"How do skin troubles arise, what are they, and how may they be prevented?" When people talk about the skin they are discussing a very complex structure, and it must be noted that the scarf or outer skin they see is not the true skin, but a sort of protecting blanket which envelops it, and which should preserve from injury the more delicate cuticle which lies beneath it. It must be obvious that, owing to the risks to which it is exposed, the health of the scarf skin may easily become affected, and if this be so, a skin trouble of greater or less severity will follow as a consequence.

Probably everyone knows that there are little glands beneath the skin which secrete oil, which passes through the pores and comes out upon the surface. If the supply of oil is excessive, it will accumulate both on the surface and in the glands, and the complexion will look muddy or spotty. Supposing, on the other hand, the supply of oil is scanty, the skin will be tender and irritable, and look red, rough, chapped, cracked, or neglected, and this condition is, in the majority of cases, the starting point of eczema. In some cases again, the outer skin becomes unhealthy, and gives rise to chronic eczema or psoriasis, or the blood flowing through the body may be impure and cause sores or breakings out, for Shakespeare tells us that: "Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions." Other skin troubles are due to microbes or microscopic fungi eating right into the skin, or the perspiration passing out through the pores may be

"I keep my face free from blemishes by using 'Antexema'."

psoriasis, or the blood flowing through the body may be impure and cause sores or breakings out, for Shakespeare tells us that: "Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions." Other skin troubles are due to microbes or microscopic fungi eating right into the skin, or the perspiration passing out through the pores may be

acid or contain excess of impurity, and this will irritate or inflame the skin and cause rheumatic or gouty eczema, nettle rash, or shingles. The scarf skin may for a time be destroyed at a particular spot, as in the case of burns, scalds, or acute eczema. Whatever the cause of discomfort or disfigurement, however, the one question the sufferer asks is, "How can I get cured, and render my skin clear, pure, and healthy?" The answer is given in the four words, "Adopt the 'Antexema Treatment.'"

Probably the next question that will be asked is as to the nature and properties of "Antexema," and the shortest description of this marvellous remedy for skin ailments is to say that "Antexema" is a doctor's cure for every form of skin trouble in whatever part of the body they occur. There are so many so-called remedies of doubtful origin and more than doubtful virtues that it is necessary to emphasise the point that "Antexema" was a well-known doctor's discovery who made a special study of skin ailments and whose efforts were crowned with this medical triumph. The philosophy of the curative power of "Antexema" is very simple. As soon as it is applied to any affected spot on the skin it is absorbed and is no longer visible, and you are not therefore disfigured by an ugly spot of ointment, which looks as unpleasant as the trouble it is supposed to cure. Another important point to remember is that immediately "Antexema" is applied it stops all irritation and a sort of artificial skin is formed over the bad place, under which a new and healthy cuticle is able to grow.

As to the success of "Antexema" in every variety of skin trouble there cannot be a shadow of doubt. Thousands of letters have been received from all sorts and conditions of people residing in every part of the Kingdom, the Colonies, and the World, who, without solicitation on our part have told us of the cures worked by "Antexema." Some refer to slight everyday troubles, such as chaps, chilblains, cuts, burns and skin irritation; others deal with eczema, psoriasis, nettle rash and graver ailments, and a large number again relate cures so remarkable as to be almost incredible.

A popular science journal, whose well-known articles headed "The Searchlight," are intended to "unmask falsehood and bring truth to light," in its issue of Nov. 18, 1905, refers to "Antexema" and "Antexema Soap," and awarded them the "Science Siftings Certificate of Merit." The article states that "We have, of late,



"Antexema" cures eczema of the arms.

had numerous enquiries respecting one very prominent preparation, and we have, in consequence, submitted it to analysis. It is known as 'Antexema,' and we have examined both the dressing of that name and the soap; for not only the beauty but the hygiene of the skin depend on the cleansing agent employed, and the best medicinal treatment may prove abortive if the trouble, whatever it is, be exasperated by coarse alkaline soaps, which, by the way, are often of the most elegant description. The emulsion, for such 'Antexema' is, would be an excellent emollient for the skin, and includes anti-septic qualities, such as are needed to prevent cutaneous evils, and to remedy them when they have made their advent, particularly if of bacterial origin, as so many are. We consider that both 'Antexema' and 'Antexema Soap' are calculated to be of service in the preservation of a healthy epidermis, and in treating it for many of the troubles susceptible to home medication. Indeed, we have made free use of it in many cases with great and lasting advantage. We congratulate The Antexema Company on the excellence of their preparations."

It should always be remembered that "Antexema" is not only a cure for serious troubles, but an indispensable toilet article, serving very many purposes. Babies and little children are very liable to chafed skin; in India and other hot countries prickly heat is common; many gentlemen dread shaving owing to the tenderness of their skin, and when the weather is cold and dry, chaps and chilblains are very prevalent; and for all such troubles, and many more, "Antexema" is exactly what is needed. "Antexema" is supplied by all chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or direct post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d. or 2s. 9d., from The Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. "Antexema" may be obtained in India and all British Colonies from the leading chemists. A most interesting little handbook on "Skin Troubles," full of interesting and accurate information on the care of the skin and cure of skin ailments is enclosed with every bottle. "Antexema Soap" may be obtained of all chemists, in tablets at 6d., or three in a box for 1s. 6d.; or a sixpenny tablet will be sent post free, enclosed in a handsome tortoiseshell box decorated with gold, to all mentioning this paper and forwarding a sixpenny postal order to The Antexema Company.

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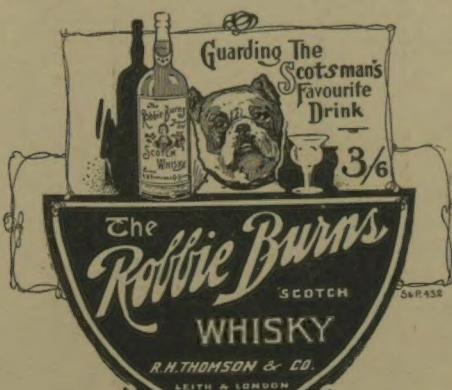
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated July 6, 1905) of MR. ALFRED CAPPER PASS, of Bristol, and the Manor House, Wootton Fitzpaine, Dorset, who died on Oct. 4, was proved on Jan. 23 by Mrs. Elizabeth Pass, the widow, Frank Newton Tribe, Francis James Fry, and Alexander Adair Roche, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £457,764. The testator gives £5000, the household furniture and domestic effects, and the use of the premises called Hawthornean, at Clifton, to his wife; £2000 each to his nephews Harold and Geoffrey Fry; £1000 to his sister Elizabeth Fry; £1000 and an annuity of £500 to his sister Matilda Pass; and other legacies to friends and servants. He also gives £1000, and a further sum of £2000 when his son attains his majority, to the Bristol General Hospital; £1000 to the Harrow School Rifle Volunteer Corps, for an annual prize for the encouragement of shooting; £1000 to the Bristol Art Gallery; £500 each to the University College, Bristol, to Muller's Orphanage, and the National Life-boat Institution; £300 to the Bristol Benevolent Institution; £200 each to the National Benevolent Institution, and the West of England Sanatorium; £100 each for the Bristol Eye Hospital, the Weymouth and Dorset County Royal Eye Hospital, Dr. Barnardo's Home, Princess Christian's Sanatorium, Weymouth, and the Dorset County Museum, Dorchester. All other his property he leaves in trust for his wife until his son attains twenty-one years of age, when an annuity of £2000 is to be paid to her, and subject thereto for his son absolutely; but should he die under that age without leaving issue, then

to Mrs. Pass for life; and after the payment of other legacies, the ultimate residue is to go to the Official Trustee of Charitable Funds.

The will (made on Dec. 6, 1894) of SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS, Founder and President of the Young Men's Christian Association, of 13, Russell Square, and of Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams, and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, who died on Nov. 6, was proved on Jan. 17 by Frederick George Williams, Howard Williams, and Albert Henry Williams, the sons, the gross value of the estate amounting to £248,450. The testator gives to his wife his residence, with the furniture, etc., the use and enjoyment of the gold casket containing the Freedom of the City of London, and the income from one-third of his property; to his executors £300 for the purchase of copies of the Bible to be given to relatives and persons in the employ of his firm; to the Young Men's Christian Association, £1000; to the Disabled Missionaries' Widow and Orphan Fund of the London City Mission, £250; to the Christian Community, Bethnal Green, £100; to the Young Women's Christian Association, £100; to the Commercial Travellers' Christian Association, £100; and other legacies. All other his property he leaves to his five sons.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1903) of MR. HENRY COVINGTON, of Endsleigh, 19, High Road, Streatham, contractor, who died on Dec. 17, was proved on Jan. 11 by Mrs. Mary Ann Covington, the widow, Harry Alfred Covington and Herbert Covington, the sons, and William Eastoe, the value of the real and personal estate being £138,155. The testator gives his leasehold house, with the furniture and effects therein, and during her widowhood £2000 per annum, to his wife; £1000 each to his

sisters, Mary Ann Rogers, Martha Covington, and Maria Margaret Covington, and to Louise Marsh; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his three sons, Harry Alfred, Herbert, and Frederick.

Owners of new motor-cars bearing the name of "Argylls, London, Limited," have now the unique advantage of a free periodical inspection of their cars by the company's inspecting engineer, who will at intervals of two months thoroughly examine and report in writing to the owner upon the condition of the car, independently of the opinions of the driver, if one is kept. Particulars of the new arrangement may be obtained from the company's London dépôt, 17, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.

The *Vectis*, of the P. and O. line, is to leave Marseilles on Feb. 17 for Greece, Syria, the Holy Land, and Egypt. There is much advantage in doing the right thing at the right time, and the late winter and early spring months are exceptionally favourable for cruising in the Mediterranean. The itinerary of the P. and O. Company's Cruise No. 5, as at first planned, has been cancelled. The vessel is now programmed to leave Marseilles on April 12 for a cruise the principal features of which will be a stay at Piraeus during the four concluding days of the Olympic Games at Athens.

The abridged Peerage published by Whitaker is most useful in those cases where less elaborate information than that of Burke will serve. Between the great book and the little come "Dod's Peerage," published by Messrs. Whittaker and Sons, which, with its condensed lineages, is a sort of "Burke" in small compass.

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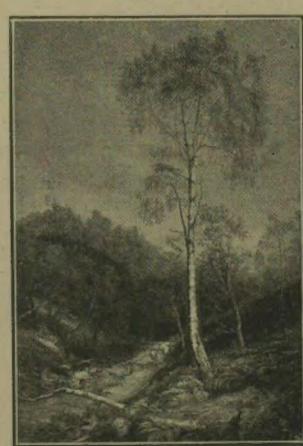
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